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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	785	Economics, Munitions, and Enlistment. By Rev. J. E. Symes ...	802
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Service for All. By R. W. Seton-Watson ...	803
A Way to Lose the War ...	788	The Large Cabinet. By Home Ruler ...	803
Finding the Money ...	789	Why the Workman Enlists. By Violet Hunt ...	803
The Truth About Russia... 790		Women's Voluntary War Work. By Ronald H. Glover ...	804
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	792	The Power of the Northcliffe Press. By Anglicized American ...	804
THE NEW EUROPE:—		POETRY:—	
VI.—Culture and the Mother Tongue. II. By Arnold Toynbee ...	793	The White Monster. By W. H. Davies ...	804
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By Penguin ...	805
The Unfinished World ...	794	REVIEWS:—	
The Anti-Democracy of Germany ...	795	Economics in the Middle Ages ...	806
A Plea for Generalism ...	796	Anti-Tolstoy. By Aylmer Maude ...	807
Poems, Bad and Good ...	798	Austria and an Heir-Presumptive ...	808
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—		Sans Ideas and an Exception ...	810
Labor and Munitions. By G. D. H. Cole ...	799	BOOKS IN BRIEF:—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		Indian Memories ...	812
Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Bell. By G. K. Chesterton ...	801	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	812
Letters from the Front. By An American in London... 801			
Compulsory Training v. Compulsory Service. By Ex-M.P. ...	801		

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Events of the Week.

RUSSIA is still maintaining a bold front against the enemy. Only at one point have the Germans made any significant advance. They have cut the Vilna-Petrograd railway at Sventziany, a point not quite half-way between Vilna and Dwinsk. It is not clear at present what forces are engaged. The cutting of the railway seems to have been an affair of cavalry—at any rate, at the beginning. The country between Sventziany and Dwinsk is not easy to fight in, for communications are bad. Indeed, this fact is chiefly responsible for Hindenburg's success. The district is covered with lakes, swamp, and woodland. It is not, therefore, suitable country for a great defensive. Moreover, the German line at this point makes a salient which must be a source of some anxiety until it is straightened out. The object of the blow is thought to be the securing of the Riga-Dwinsk-Vilna-Rovno railway; but it is possible that the Germans still meditate an advance upon Petrograd, or visualize what they so much need, a decision.

WHETHER the Germans can stand, even if they gain the Riga-Rovno railway, is still a matter of dispute. That they cannot disengage is clear; but the proposed line is long, and has few, if any, natural defensive positions to embody. And it is not secured yet. It is

difficult to see how it can be secured without the control of the Gulf of Riga. It is now some little time since a report announced that the Germans had obtained control of the Gulf. If they have done so, it is more than strange that they have taken no action. At any rate, the security of the waterway south of Riga is also necessary to successful operations against the city, and it will not be easy to ensure this in face of British submarines.

PART of Mackensen's army seems to have gone to Courland, where it was badly needed, and part to the south of the Pripet marshes under Puhallo. Only on this section of the southern front, as it looks towards Rovno, have the Germanic armies won any success. General Ivanoff has elsewhere not only held his own, but even taken the offensive and driven back the Austrians towards the Dniester. In the fortnight up to September 12th, the Russians claim to have captured over 40,000 German and Austrian prisoners, with much war material. This does not seem to show that their armies are finished with, and the area in which Ivanoff's offensive is taking place is significant. His line rests on the Roumanian frontier, and the successes in this area must do much to counteract the impression made by the German advance in more remote regions.

ON the whole Russian front the indications point to the checking of the Germanic advance. There are strong forces at Vilna, and to the north of the point where Hindenburg has crossed the railway. It may be that here will be fought the last great battle of the year's campaign in the East. Unless it should take place soon, the terrain will be wholly unsuited to the movements of large forces. Everywhere the rate of advance has been reduced either to an insignificant figure or zero. Under such auguries, General Alexeieff's command commences. His plan will probably be little different from that of the Grand Duke; but there are signs that the rate of production of munitions is so stimulated that the German armies will be faced with a resistance increasing in violence at the time when their resources in men are decreasing.

THE political news from Russia is not so favorable. The Duma has been prorogued, on the advice to the Tsar of the reactionary members of the Cabinet. This is a set-back to the progressive and reforming element represented by the Block of three hundred in the Duma, and means that for the present M. Goremykin, the Prime Minister, triumphs against a majority of his colleagues, who desire to work with the Duma, and accept its programme of moderate emancipation. The association between the Liberals and the Government is therefore half-broken, and the great accession of moral and popular force which it brought proportionately weakened.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has published, through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a preface to a collection of his speeches, under the title of "Through Terror to Triumph." In form, it is a brilliant piece of writing, more studied than most of Mr. George's literary appeals. In fact, it is a call for conscription, or "national

service," both in the factory and in the Army. We regret the publication, for, as Mr. George stated later, in a telegram to the "Pall Mall Gazette," the Cabinet has come to no decision on the question of forced or voluntary service. It is difficult, however, to regard the critical sentences of the preface as other than conscriptionist in meaning. They run as follows:—

"A shrewd and sagacious observer told me the other day that in his judgment the course pursued by this country during the next three months would decide the fate of this war. If we are not allowed to equip our factories and workshops with adequate labor to supply our armies, because we must not transgress regulations applicable to normal conditions; if practices are maintained which restrict the output of essential war material; if the nation hesitates, when the need is clear, to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honor and existence; if vital decisions are postponed until too late; if we neglect to make ready for all probable eventualities; if, in fact, we give ground for the accusation that we are slouching into disaster as if we were walking along the ordinary paths of peace without an enemy in sight—then I can see no hope; but if we sacrifice all we own and all we like for our native land; if our preparations are characterized by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere, then victory is assured."

THE point from which this startling conclusion flowed was, in the main, a vivid description of the Russian reverses. Germany's heel, he said, had sunk deeper than ever into French and Belgian soil; Poland was entirely German; Lithuania was following; and Russian fortresses, "deemed impregnable," were falling "like sand castles" before the Teutonic invasion. This could not be stemmed unless the Allies were supplied with an abundance of war material, and he suggested that until the Russian re-equipment was complete, Britain must be prepared to "fill up the gap." Was she prepared to cope with all the possibilities in the West and in the East? The force of this statement largely depends on whether the Russian reverse is as severe as Mr. George suggests. On this point Lord Kitchener's view is more reassuring than Mr. George's and more in harmony with the latest military facts.

ON Wednesday, the Prime Minister supplied the Commons with a tempered view of the economic and military position. Asking for a vote of credit (the seventh) for £250,000,000 to cover expenditure up to the middle of November, the Prime Minister fixed our total war provision at £1,262,000,000. This represented a steadily rising daily cost, growing from £2,700,000 from April to June, to £3,000,000 from July 18th to September 11th. These figures are net, but the gross cost, which Mr. Asquith did not completely analyze, had sprung to £4,200,000 a day, and might rise to £5,000,000. The Prime Minister held that, though we could not claim to have done all we might or "ought" to do, such figures dissipated attempts to "belittle and disparage" our efforts, which in numbers had reached an aggregate of three millions of men offering themselves freely to the country. Thirteen months of recruiting had maintained a steady figure, though the last few weeks showed some signs of falling off—a result, we suppose, due to the harvest, or the contraction of the supply, or Mr. George's urgent calls for munition workers, or the efforts of the conscriptionists, or to all these causes together. As for victory, concluded the Prime Minister, it would incline to the side which could arm

itself the best and stay the longest, and that was what we meant to do. Such an effort, however, demanded "supreme self-sacrifice" on the part of the whole people, and a stoppage of domestic strife. This appeal, as well as the tone of the speech, was plainly voluntarist.

LORD KITCHENER in the House of Lords, on Wednesday gave a balanced and rather bald review of the war during the last five momentous months. Eleven divisions of the new armies have been sent to Sir John French, who has now extended the front held by British troops an additional seventeen miles. The French have more than held their own over the long line they occupy. In two quarters—around Arras and in Alsace—they have taken and firmly hold positions "of great tactical importance in view of future operations." The trenches have been so strengthened that they now represent a "network of almost impenetrable fortifications." The French Army impressed him on his recent visit with its high state of efficiency and *moral*. On the Eastern front the Germans, by means of "a great numerical superiority" and a vastly preponderating artillery, have been able to force the Russians from their defences, but their aim was to destroy the Russian Army as a force in being, and they have gained, at immense cost, nothing but barren territory and evacuated fortresses. "Thus their strategy has clearly failed, and victories they claim may only prove, as military history has so often demonstrated, to be defeats in disguise." One may reasonably describe this as reassuring.

LORD KITCHENER's account of the recent operations in the Gallipoli Peninsula added little to our knowledge. He described the enforced retirement from the summits of Sari Bair and Chunuk Bair, after they had been won with great gallantry, owing to the supporting movement from Suvla not being developed quickly enough. In praising the fine fighting quality of the British troops engaged, he emphasized the difficulty of the operations. But he also stated that there is evidence of a process of demoralization among the Turks. No hope, however, was held out of a speedy victory. The operations in this area of the war are the least satisfactory, since unless the Allies force the Straits they are losing men and prestige for no purpose. Mere holding can have no possible value here. It is admitted that we have already lost 87,000 men.

THE debate on conscription was interesting, and on the two days showed, as far as weight of influence was concerned, a marked preponderance of the "antis." But every feature of it was obliterated by the speech of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labor member and representative of the railway workers, now the most brilliant and active figure in the trade union world. Mr. Thomas spoke with the utmost energy and power of persuasion and entreaty. A strong supporter of the war, he declared that labor would never stand conscription, and his own organization had told the Executive, through every one of its branches, that at its introduction they would stop work. If 200,000 men would not be forced under the Munitions Act, who was going to force 3,000,000? The most dramatic moment of the speech was that in which Mr. Thomas pierced the personal issues. He said:—

"Do you want an inconclusive peace because of industrial trouble in your own country? The sentiment of the trade union movement is absolutely against you. It is suspicious of you, rightly or wrongly. I beg of

you to realize the danger. Is this agitation part of a plan to remove the Prime Minister? No one has disagreed with him more than we who sit on these benches, but we say that in this hour of the nation's crisis he cannot be replaced."

* * *

THIS thrust, says the "Manchester Guardian," led to the following scene:—

"From the Liberal and Nationalist benches a deep and clamorous outburst of cheering at once broke forth, augmented after a moment's pause by an acquiescent roar of assent from the Unionist side. 'If you mean your cheers, act on them,' came the eager comment on the latter manifestation. 'Put your applause into practice. If the Prime Minister is not the target, let us know what the game is.'"

* * *

THERE were three further Zeppelin raids on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights. Fortunately there were no casualties and, apparently, little damage. An aeroplane raid in the Kent district on Monday afternoon was more successful. One man and six women were injured, two of them seriously. The "Vossische Zeitung" represents Zeppelin raiders as having a conscience which forbids them to attack any but places of military value. Most inhabitants of these islands will prefer to rely upon the fact that at length someone has been charged with the air defence of London. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who remains for the present under the Admiralty, is well-known as a vigorous officer, and, aptly enough, a gunnery expert. It should not be difficult for him to solve the problem. It is a question of providing properly flared out flying grounds for the air patrols to rise from and to alight on with safety. It is astonishing that this simple precaution should have been neglected during the many months when this service was exclusively in the hands of the First Lord. His successor admitted that London's defences were inadequate. Why?

* * *

THE country has at length been made aware of the partial crippling of the Russian munition works at Ochta, near Petrograd. The factory was largely staffed by skilled German mechanics, and at the moment when Russia most needed the full output of munitions, the works were blown up. The explosion—sensationally exaggerated in the Harmsworth Press—is believed to have been due to treachery, fostered by German secret service agents. The result was that many Russian guns, and even rifles, to some extent, became useless. It is even said, we think with doubtful truth, that Britain and France had to abandon their idea of a spring offensive, and pour their reserves of ammunition into Russia. By an odd caprice of the Censor, the first newspaper to publish this news was one of the series which commenced the hue-and-cry against Lord Kitchener on account of the shortage of shells. "Lord Kitchener's Tragic Blunder" now turns out to have been merely the success of the German secret service.

* * *

WHY was this information so long withheld from us, if, as the "Daily News" affirms, it was reported some time ago in the Russian press, and consequently must have been known to our enemy? How can you ask a nation to use its intelligence and voluntary effort for the struggle, unless that intelligence and will are enlightened and nourished by the fullest understanding and the freest discussion of facts and

opinions, the disclosure of which is not directly injurious to our fighting power? Not how little must be told, but how little must be withheld, should be the directing principle of our Press Bureau and our War Office. We regard with similar distrust the new processes of secret trial by which speeches and pamphlets debating the origin and politics of the war are submitted to suppression and other penalties. When immediate military expediency is adduced, we raise no objection. But in some recent cases the attack is made, not on facts the disclosure of which may carry military damage, but upon opinions and judgments which, however wrong, can have no such bad influence. Or, if it be argued that any criticism during a war divides and weakens the nation, and should therefore be repressed, why is this new doctrine of liberty not equally applied to all parties and all sections of the press?

* * *

THE Dumba incident has been promptly followed up. Mr. Penfold, the American Ambassador in Vienna, received by cable a note for presentation to the Austrian Foreign Office, requesting the recall of Dr. Dumba, "on account of his improper conduct." The heads of the indictment were the Ambassador's intention "to conspire to cripple the legitimate industries of the people of the United States and interrupt their legitimate trade," and "the flagrant violation of diplomatic propriety by employing an American citizen, protected by an American passport, as the secret bearer of official dispatches through the lines of her enemy to Austria-Hungary." Pending a reply from Vienna, Dr. Dumba announced that he has asked his Government to recall him on leave of absence, in order that he may make a personal explanation. Interest has now turned to Count Bernstorff and the German Military Attaché, who are believed to have been implicated with Dr. Dumba. Mr. Archibald is returning to America, where, it is stated, he will be arrested on landing.

* * *

It seems likely that the United States will again allow the question of the German submarine campaign, if not to lapse, to pass without a rupture. No new Note is to be sent with regard to the "Arabic," though the German Ambassador has been informed that the United States holds to the terms of the "Lusitania" Note, and that the situation cannot be changed unless and until Germany keeps the pledge, already strikingly violated, not to torpedo liners without fulfilling the ordinary conditions of warning and search required by law. No arbitration will be accepted on such issues; but if Germany admits her offence, it is probable the United States Government will admit arbitration as to the indemnity.

* * *

THE negotiations for the Anglo-American loan which is being negotiated in the United States, seem to be working smoothly in spite of some subterranean and some open German opposition. It is viewed by the State Department as a private commercial transaction, since it is essentially a credit loan to meet definite liabilities within the country. Americans are beginning to realize that the transaction is virtually an intimate domestic concern of theirs. It is necessary for their commercial prosperity that wheat and cotton be bought, and bought in sufficient quantities to keep up the prices. So far, neither the amount of the loan nor the rate of interest have been settled; but it is reported that £200,000,000 is to be raised at 5 per cent.

Politics and Affairs.

A WAY TO LOSE THE WAR.

"Conscription would mean disaster during the war and revolution after it."—*A leading British Statesman.*

"What service can Britain best render to this great combination? She can keep the command of the sea for the Allies. She has done so, and she will maintain that complete control to the end. That is the invaluable service she is rendering to her Allies, and it is essential to the ultimate success of their arms, especially in a prolonged war, because the longer the war the more does the command of the sea count. What is the second service which Britain could render? She could, of course, maintain a great Army, putting the whole of her population into it exactly as the Continental Powers have done. What is the third service? The third service which Britain can render is the service which she rendered in the Napoleonic wars of bearing the main burden of financing the Allied countries in their necessary purchases outside their own country, more especially for carrying on the war, and also helping the Allies with the manufacture and equipment of munitions of war. Britain can do the first and she can do the third. She can only do the second within limits if she has to do the first and the last."—*Mr. Lloyd George, May 4th, 1915.*

WE hope that it is not too late for Mr. Lloyd George to avoid the capital error which an able French critic imputes to our Conscriptionists. These gentlemen, writes M. Davray in the "Petit Journal"—the "Daily Mail" or the "Daily Chronicle" of France—resemble the well-intentioned people who, when a raging fire is burning and the firemen are trying to put it out, call on the world to invent a perfectly new method of extinguishing it. The reproach is a severe one to a man of Mr. George's energetic mind and essentially modern temperament. There would indeed be a danger of losing the war to the Allies if the brains behind the armies were thus to lose touch of reality at the moment when it is especially to be sought through vigilance and calmness of mind. The war is no catastrophic campaign of Italy or Austerlitz. It is a prolonged struggle, in which the material and moral resources of a Continent have been divided into two masses, and pitted against each other. In that struggle England takes not a single, but a diverse, part. She is the main financial stay of the Allies in a conflict which can no more be sustained without such assistance than the struggle against Napoleon. She is the guarantee that Germany's successes on land can, no more than Napoleon's, secure her aim of dominating Europe. She has also improvised for Continental service army after army, comparable, even in numbers, with that of a first-class military power, and raised from the flower of her youth and enthusiasm, of her intellectual and governing classes, and of her manual workers.

In the middle of these vast operations, while scores of thousands of volunteers remain unarmed and untrained, she appears to be asked by Mr. Lloyd George and others to desert the system responsible for them, and to present an order of forced enlistment nominally to the whole body of citizens, but in practice to a restricted number, and an inferior class of them. We have now the grand admission of the Prime Minister that voluntary service has realized a force of some three

million men. To use Mr. Lloyd George's words, it has already "called forth" the best of our "manhood." Therefore all that conscription could supply would be the dilution of this force by a minority—say a fourth or a fifth—of conscripts. It is not suggested that this revolutionary novelty should follow an authoritative and exhaustive investigation of the three-fold policy, whose respective needs Mr. George himself defined as naval, military, and financial, the first and third service acting as an automatic limit to the second. The demand is made by an important member of the Government, before either a decision or the means of a decision is open to them. Is that right? Is it consonant with the good management of our affairs? Mr. Asquith's speech on Wednesday did, indeed, supply one or two elements of a decision. He admitted that recruiting had slightly fallen off. That is very likely. You cannot fill the war-factories and the armies with the same men. You cannot recruit for ever, and even if our supply of soldiers were perennial it can be dammed at its source. Recruiting fell off for the Territorials when the Conscriptionists deliberately ran down that force, as they are now running down a great British Army in the act of war. But Mr. Asquith also revealed what many of us must consider the much graver fact that the gross cost of the war is tending to five millions a day. Has Mr. George asked himself what is the respective weight which our Allies no less than ourselves attach to such calculations; whether, in fact, they count the addition of some thousands more of British soldiers to the Allied lines as balancing the withdrawal of so many British millions from the Allied Treasuries? Have these propositions been put before France and Russia? Have they been considered by the Cabinet? We know they have not. Why then raise, as in the famous preface, the question of compulsion, in the field or the factory, before the question of its serviceableness has been debated between the authorities alone competent to determine it?

Now it is of importance to maintain the unity of an Administration of composite character, and chosen with the special object of giving the nation a thoroughly representative organ. But at the critical hour a statesman cannot speak or think for his Government alone. There is the people to be considered. After the resolution of the Trade Union Congress, it is wantonness to suggest that conscription will not strike a blow, perhaps a fatal blow, at national union. For in the act of furthering a recourse to forced service, Mr. George, of all men in the world, lays himself open to the unfortunate suggestion that the conscription of men is offered as an alternative to the conscription of wealth. This is not in his mind, but it is in the mind of that part of the Conservative press which is most logically devoted to conscription. The "Morning Post," for example, deprecates a high income-tax, and favors as an alternative a resort to loans. Such a policy does in fact present the vision of a servile State. It makes one class free to live on the war and another forced to fight it and pay for it; while it constitutes an after-war England, based on tribute, and,

* On this point the eminent Russian publicist, M. Menshikoff, is quoted by the "Times" as saying in the "Novoe Vremya" of September 2nd: "The Quadruple Entente does not need more fighters. What it needs is more equipment and munitions for those millions of soldiers who have been already called up."

to that extent, enslaved. If this is an invitation to subversive politics, and a revelation of the garb that a kind of patriotism wears, it is also a warning to a leader of democracy like Mr. Lloyd George to look closely to his present path. Even if he supposed it possible to impose one military system on another in the midst of a war, he must not expect the working classes to view a change from freedom to compulsion so commended otherwise than with deep disfavor and distrust. Victory does not lie through that gate. But the sense of injustice which breeds revolution does.

There is another criticism of Mr. George that most affects those who most admire his genius. It is calamitous that a temperament so cheerful and inspiring should surrender itself to gloom. The hour is deeply serious. It is more serious for Russia than for us, but for her it also contains elements of power and revival unrevealed in the early stages of the war. That is not a moment to suggest the downfall of her resources and her withdrawal from the theatre of active war, linked on to the strange contention that it falls upon us to "fill the gap" caused by her "retirement." What "gap"? The "gap" in men Nature does not allow us wholly or perhaps largely to supply. The "gap" in money and munitions we are supplying, if Mr. George will only not withdraw from us the power of filling it. The course pursued by this country during "the next three months" will, in his judgment, decide the course of the war. But the possibilities of that course are largely determined, in the first place, by what Mr. George and his colleagues did all the preceding months in the organization and administration of the war, and, in the second place, by his present temper, policy, and direction. He possesses in a remarkable degree all the gifts of persuasive animation, and in our democracy an ideal field for exercising them. If he and men like him say, "We call," the people will respond as they have responded in the past, and in the end always do respond, with their "We come." But if they change their ground, and, assuming a refusal of service they have never received, exchange the bludgeon for the wand of persuasion, they bring into play a widely different range of feelings and prejudices. The unity of the country is wonderful; but it is folly to pretend that in a society like ours there is an essential, organic bond between capital and labor. The world of wealth is one world; the world of manual work is another. If our statesmen fail to understand all that they risk—in the conduct of the war and the public view of the war—by an attempt to force this latter sphere into an unnatural orbit, they court catastrophe. The spirit is all. You cannot force Englishmen to work, even if you can force them to fight, especially on the top of a great voluntary effort in working and fighting. We do not exaggerate. Not all the soldiers of our armies and factories are of the first quality or of the most tractable metal. But the main stuff of the nation has proved itself to be both good and malleable. It can be moulded or dissipated, just as Mr. George, with his natural attractiveness, can rally our scatterdémalion thinkers no less than our seriousness and our sense of national duty. If his appeal is to these last elements, he carries us all in

this double task of stimulation and organization. But if his idea is of force, of crude, unthought-out expedients, his grand foe is not this man or that party, but that essential wrongness in temper and aim which defeats all the improvisations of genius.

FINDING THE MONEY.

We are all ready to admit in general terms that success in a protracted war depends upon the money which stands behind the men and the munitions. But the heed the nation gives to this fundamental issue is slight and perfunctory. Some unfortunately lulling speeches made by Mr. Lloyd George and others early in the war, are in some measure responsible. We were then led to believe that the task of bringing into being and equipping a vast army for Continental action, maintaining and enlarging the fleet, and making unlimited advances to our Allies and our Dominions, was within the easy competence of a nation with such magnificent resources as ours. Not until Mr. McKenna assumed the Chancellorship of the Exchequer did we begin to escape from this atmosphere of illusion. But even then, the postponement of effective war taxation continued to hide from the general view the magnitude of the monetary sacrifices which the nation is required to undergo for the support of the war. Mr. Asquith's important speech of last Wednesday, heralding the new Budget of next week, forces some plain, if unpalatable, truths upon our minds. The first is the rapidly advancing costs of the huge enterprise and the practical impossibility of preventing or controlling this advance. All earlier estimates have been greatly exceeded, and the efforts made to enlarge our fighting forces and our munitions, while pledging our credit for unknown sums in respect of our Allies, involve the double consequence of increasing our expenditure and diminishing the ordinary income-earning powers of the nation out of which these costs must be defrayed.

The inevitable result of this process is that the Government will be obliged to extract, either by way of taxation or by borrowing, a continually increasing proportion of the resources of all members of the community who have anything to spare. Let us try and realize this truth in the light of the figures Mr. Asquith sets before us. The present and recent expenditure upon the war he estimates at $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions a day. Taking the lower figures he named for the earlier months of our fiscal year and the higher figures certain to emerge as we proceed, we may fairly conclude that the country will be called upon to meet a war-bill of not less than 1,200 millions for the fiscal year. When we take into consideration that this net expenditure is pretty certain to be weighted by other large temporary expenditure which Mr. Asquith had in mind when he named a "gross" war-cost of five millions a day, we perceive that the huge sum he named must be regarded as a conservative estimate.

Now, taking the most liberal interpretation of the general income of the nation, a war-bill of 1,200 millions means that a full half of this income must be handed

over to the Government in taxes or loans, in addition to the 120 millions needed for ordinary purposes of civil government. The full rigor of this contention is, indeed, modified by the extent to which we can raise money or credit from America, by selling or pawning our capital. To all who are concerned at the grave injury inflicted on our foreign purchasing power by the falling exchange, the hope of establishing in New York a credit of so large a sum as 200 millions is very welcome. But, even assuming that we achieve this important feat, and making an allowance for the possible marketing of a further 200 millions of securities in America, we should still be confronted with the problem of finding out of current annual savings a sum of 800 millions. The highest estimate of our normal national savings is 400 millions. Hence the most conservative estimate of our task involves a full doubling of our normal saving, on the assumption that all savings are made available for public service either as contributions to taxation or to war-loans.

The monetary problem of the Chancellor will, of course, be on a larger scale. For the yield of securities sold in America will be the property of private citizens, until they have been borrowed by our Government. Mr. McKenna, then, will need to extract about 1,000 millions in taxes or loans during the fiscal year, and, if he looks forward to a protracted war, must devise means for securing even larger sums. Now, every sane man is convinced that a considerable part of this sum ought to be got by increased taxation. The sheet-anchor of the situation is the necessity of at least doubling the ordinary rate of national saving. This means, not a slight reduction of expenditure on luxuries and comforts, but an almost revolutionary change in standards of living. The process of borrowing immense sums by treasury bills and war loans, largely provided by methods of inflation, has deceived the nation into the false conclusion that the war can be financed without any considerable personal self-sacrifice, and has evoked no economies in the least commensurate with the nation's needs. It has, moreover, added a new large permanent burden of interest for the taxpayer to bear in the impoverished years that will follow the war. We believe that the Government is now alive to the urgency of the situation, and that Mr. McKenna next week will announce a great measure of war taxation devoted to the double and related purpose of enforcing economy of consumption, particularly in imported goods; and of securing large sums for the revenue. It is expected that both direct and indirect methods will be courageously applied. The productivity of greatly increased tariffs upon alcohol, tobacco, and tea, the imported "luxuries" in most general use, may, perhaps, not be very great; but the effect of such taxation in promoting economy might be considerable. Motor cars and petrol, railway tickets, picture shows, and other popular recreations may fall within the scope of the budget proposals. As inducements to personal economy, there is much to be said for these specific taxes.

But the net yield of such taxes would be inconsiderable, when the magnitude of our requirements is kept in mind. The income-tax, super-tax, and death

duties must be the chief means of increased revenue. The former may be supplemented by a special tax upon war-profits, interpreted so as to include all increases of income during the period of war, irrespective of proved war-origin. For, at a time like this, every increase of income involves an ability to pay, of which it is the bounden duty of the State to take advantage. No doubt a stout opposition to these new demands upon high profits and large incomes will be made, supported by such fallacious arguments as that of the "Morning Post," to the effect that employment and wages will be diminished by heavy burdens upon capital. Since every sovereign taken from the profits of employers will be employed in paying men to make arms, munitions, and other war requisites for our forces and those of our Allies, or in paying wages to our soldiers and allowances to their dependents, the folly of representing such taxation as injurious to the working-classes is obvious enough. Fresh high taxation should be placed upon all classes whose means, exceeding the demands of economic efficiency, contain a surplus with ability to bear a tax.

Now this will of necessity exclude the poorer grades of the wage-earners, whose money-incomes, having regard to the high level of prices, contain no such taxable surplus. Any attempt to lower the exemption limit for the income-tax, so as to bring in the families of skilled wage-earners, is, in our judgment, indefensible, unless accompanied by a removal of the existing food taxes, which fall heavily upon such families. The instrument of the Insurance Act may afford a fairly easy method of taxing wages. But the use of it for such a purpose would arouse great anger, and the yield would form a very small contribution towards the war-revenue we want. That those who have must pay is a simple and, it might seem, tolerably obvious proposition. We hope and believe that the House of Commons will give Mr. McKenna its firmest support in all endeavors to raise as large a proportion as is possible of the sum needed to maintain the war by the cheaper, more honest, and more democratic method of current taxation, instead of by the more costly and less honest method of borrowing. For this last method will leave the masses of the people permanent debtors to the wealthy few, and in these times we cannot picture a more perilous situation.

THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA.

"How many people in this country fully apprehend the full significance of the Russian retreat? For over twelve months Russia has, in spite of deficiencies in equipment, absorbed the energies of half the German and four-fifths of the Austrian forces. Is it realized that Russia has for the time being made her contribution—and what a heroic contribution it is—to the struggle for European freedom; and that we cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian armies that we have hitherto received? Who is to take the Russian place in the fight whilst those armies are re-equipping? Who is to bear the weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders?"—*From the preface by Mr. Lloyd George to his "Through Terror to Triumph."*

It would be difficult to convey a more imperfect impression of the state of things on the Eastern front

than Mr. Lloyd George has done in the few sentences we set forth. This is the more regrettable because Mr. Lloyd George is the last person in the world to minimize the contribution of an Ally so gallant, so skilled, so tenacious, and so resilient. What is the full significance of the Russian retreat? Is it that, as Mr. Lloyd George suggests, Russia has made her contribution and retired to re-equip, leaving the German Staff with the convenient weight of the Austro-German armies to throw upon Western shoulders while the East is resting? Can it be seriously suggested that through some excess of modesty the German Staff has neglected to claim so overwhelming a decision as this? But the suggestion in its exuberance of overstatement conveys its own corrective. Of the very few things which cannot be disputed by any careful student of the whole war, one was, at the moment Mr. Lloyd George wrote, the substantial effect of the course of affairs on the Eastern front during the last eighteen weeks. It may be expressed in this way. The Germans had taken a very large number of prisoners and rifles, some machine guns and guns, and had secured a vast territory. But they had not been able to bring the enemy to battle, still less to achieve a decision over him, and they were therefore unable to disengage any serious proportion of their force for service elsewhere. This we suggest is one of the very few things which no careful student could fail to appreciate, and of which Lord Kitchener's speech in the Lords shows full apprehension. If the Germans had secured a decision and could draw off any considerable force to fling on other shoulders, why did they not do so? It is impossible to meet this objection. No staff, being free, would choose to fight a campaign in the winter; and the year is now at the fall. If Germany had been free, can there be any doubt that she would have flung a vast force over to the West or South, to clear up the situation on one of her other fronts? But if this be true, what becomes of this picture of a Russian host retired to refit while their enemy betakes himself to the war on one of Russia's Allies? It can only be dismissed as crudely untrue. There is hardly any need to labor the point; but there is one illuminating sentence which deserves a little notice. "We cannot for many months to come expect the same active help from the Russian Armies that we have hitherto received." At what point precisely did this "active help" cease? It is clear that, as we have said, there has so far been no heavy transference of troops from East to West. If the effect of the withdrawal of active Russian co-operation be indiscernible, one may well wonder how there can be in it any help for Mr. Lloyd George's special purpose and view of the war.

A certain bewilderment has been caused by the recent changes in the higher Russian command. The Grand Duke has gone to the Caucasus, and Alexeieff reigns in his stead. Even the German military critics have been quick to acclaim the great qualities of the Grand Duke, and it seems a little hard that his should be the fate which so frequently waits upon men of real eminence. *Prædix alius coluit non sibi*. However, General Alexeieff is a competent soldier, and if he reaps what he did not sow, the Allies will not be disposed to complain. He is probably less known than the other

army group commanders. He emerged from Ivanoff's command to succeed Ruzsky in command of the left centre at the end of the year. The other three men have held high command since the opening stages of the war, but Ruzsky first won fame in the war where Ivanoff is now fighting. Evert's new command is displaced slightly to the north of his original position. A new tone has come over the Russian *communiqués*. They are more boastful; but even this wholly unnecessary innovation will be forgiven the new Chief of Staff if he can succeed as well as his predecessor. He commands splendid fighting material, and he has assumed the direction of affairs when a new and significant factor has been added. If, as we have suggested, it is the spirit which ultimately decides battles, the appearance of the Tsar at the head of his armies is profoundly significant. He holds a unique position in Russian hearts, and the spirit of his soldiery will leap to this new incentive.

The immediate future of the German plans is not easy to discover. It has been suggested that the Germans will attempt to take Riga, and force the Russians back beyond the Riga-Dwinsk-Vilna-Lida-Rovno railway. The order of von Bülow foretold such a halt and an attempt upon Petrograd in the spring. Certainly it would be an extremely hazardous adventure to march upon Petrograd now, when the rains have already fallen. Once past Dwinsk, the communications for such an army as would be required are at no season good. But it is difficult to feel assured that the Germans have yet abandoned the idea of securing a decision in the near future, or, failing this, of taking some purely Russian centre, with a view to a resounding political effect. Petrograd might then be attempted; but Ruzsky has held up the German armies for some time now, and unless they can command some accelerating agent, the dream of an occupation of Petrograd will fade away. They have secured this week one significant success. They have cut the Vilna-Petrograd railway. Only if this movement can be pressed home can it supply the leverage to lift the Russian line from Riga.

But its real object might be to secure the control of the Riga-Dwinsk-Vilna-Lida-Rovno railway, to which it is directly correlated. Whether the Germans could halt there is problematical. So far as we know, the Russians will not be held up indefinitely. Even now they have the force for a vigorous offensive at selected points. The Austrians have been driven back some miles in Galicia, and there may be more than a local significance in this movement. It is reported that Rumania has mobilized several classes. If she should move, Ivanoff's readiness and power to take the offensive might gain an importance it does not at present possess. Moreover, the use of such a railway over such an area is restricted. Most military commanders would gladly barter it for a few more railways normal to their long front, and running from the home and advanced bases. The line the Germans would have to hold would be approximately 700 miles, and allowing 3,000 troops per mile, this would call for just over 2,000,000 men. The present estimates place 2,500,000 men on that front, so that by the time the line were gained there would, by normal wastage, be very few men to dispatch to any

other front. At any rate, we have every reasonable assurance that at present the Russians are competent to engage all the troops on their front. They can, that is to say, still bear the "weight which has hitherto fallen on Russian shoulders." To say so much is not to minimize the need for effort on our part. But even if we wish to effect revolutionary changes in our military system, it behoves us to base our case on consideration both for the facts and for the interest and feelings of our Allies.

A London Diary.

THE conscriptionist agitation goes on, if only because its promoters have not begun to realize what an edged tool they are playing with. I find Labor members holding up hands of horror at the light-headedness of its leaders and agents. It is a society business, with a family interest extremely active in it; it is run in Parliament as a kind of bye-product of officer activities (rather strangely liberated from service at the front), and by men who, in comparison with the weight of character on the other side, stand for no great personal force; while behind it stands a really sinister movement to force a dissolution on the top of a resignation of the conscriptionist group in the Cabinet, or of as many of them as can be screwed up to the revolutionary pitch. But its grand error is that of putting aside or thinking to cajole the resistance of labor. With all these miscalculations, I believe it would stop to-morrow if Mr. George were not judged to be at its back, and able to stem the labor opposition. This is one of the bad dreams of the promoters. The labor leaders know the mood of their followers. They know that conscription for the army will never be accepted; and that conscription for the factory, for which Captain Guest, the head organizer of the group, elected, and at which the George manifesto seems to hint, is an idea to shun as a design of the Evil One. No trade union leader would answer for the obedience of his members; many proclaim their belief that it would mean a complete breach of order in the workshop.

BUT conscription for soldiering is only a thought less dangerous. The latest cry is for selection. "All that we want is to take the men we are in need of." But these men forget that the people themselves have voluntarily set this process on foot. In hundreds of working-class families, a council has been held to decide which member had better go to the front, and which should remain to keep the pot boiling. If the State now steps in to take the one who was left, it will be regarded (apart from its harshness) as a breach of faith. One need not argue the folly of substituting forced soldiers for free—worst of all forced labor for free. People who think that they can thus deal with the British workman will think anything. But the practical point is that conscription will not only create a thousand anomalies, such as the

taking of this man and the leaving of another, but will make thousands of mothers and fathers and brothers think they have been crookedly dealt with.

HOWEVER, though the anti-conscriptionists in the House are slow to organize against the incessant wire-pulling of the other side, their faith is quite unshaken. The capital fact is now out that the voluntary system has roughly yielded three millions of soldiers. No sophistry can sweep that particular truth into a corner. It is, as Lord Kitchener said, "magnificent." It is also conclusive of the true moral of the way to get the few more hundred thousand men who may be wanted, if, indeed, we can afford to draw another hand from the military and civil workshops. Half-a-dozen methods of appeal are still open to us, and who is to say that, until they have been tried, we must rush into compulsion? Why not try a personal appeal of the King? Or the co-operation of the trade unions (which could be had to-morrow if it were asked for)? A statesman cannot dam up all these sources unless he *wants* to dam them up while he sets the stream of force flowing.

As for the Government, the wild excursions of the week necessarily perturb and distract it. Yet the balance of forces remains as it was; and when one hears the old chorus (a little twittersy and uncertain) "Kitchener must go," "Grey must go," "Asquith must go," one knows that the anti-Conscriptionist block is intact. No one desires a break-away on the other side, and at this anxious hour the threat of such a move is deeply resented. But the fort is not going to be surrendered to so weak a parley. The Irish are solid; the Labor Party inside the House all but solid, and quite solid without; the Radicals are pretty solid; the *vir pietate gravis* in whom the House delights is in strength, and there is a grave Conservative opposition that leans on Mr. Balfour. Thus there is a phalanx; with a great supporting army outside. I hear, for example, that at Mr. Harcourt's Lancashire meeting Conscription was cheered only by a very small group (thirty or so in a meeting of 4,000), while opinion was judged to be hostile to the extent of nineteen or twenty to one.

I SUBSCRIBE some notes of a conversation with one of the ablest leaders whom trade unionism has ever had:—

"It is impossible to overestimate the feeling of the Congress against conscription. If conscription came there would be something like revolt among the trade unionists.

"This is largely due to the apprehension of the loss of the independence and liberty which accompanies conscription. The experience of 1910, when all the French railway workers were made soldiers during a strike, and then afterwards made railway men again, has driven deep into the minds of trade unionists. Also most of the leaders of trade unionists have visited Germany and have seen the military system, with the police and the soldiers everywhere, and they don't like it.

"If the Prime Minister has to say in, say, two months' time that we were under commitment to the Allies for another 500,000 men the Trade Union Congress would help to get them—and probably get

them. Some of the leading men would give night and day to get volunteers. But they won't take it compulsorily from Northcliffe and Co., or even from the Government and Lord Kitchener; and if the Government and Lord Kitchener tried to get conscription by merely saying it was 'necessary,' without convincing the Congress opinion, there would be something like a revolution.

"In fact, they don't intend to accept conscription on the word of anybody. France is different, as it has grown up with it after the lesson of 1870. They cannot accept the unevenness of the compulsion. In one district, not working for munitions, perhaps nine out of ten are compelled to risk or give their lives, including the young boys mostly; in another district perhaps only one out of ten, because the rest are making boots or khaki.

"What will the mothers say to such uneven justice as this?

"Those of the deputation of trade unionists who have been to the front found that it was only the officer class who wanted conscription (and they mainly read the 'Daily Mail'). There seemed to be no demand for it from the men, who asked only for more munitions, especially heavy guns and explosive shells.

"Don't, however, let the Government come out with any appeal at present, if possible, of a sensational nature; and don't take men away and drill them without munitions of war to supply them with.

"As to the supply of munitions, any practical man could have told the Government that firms were taking contracts which they could not possibly provide in three times the time promised. They tried to do it by overtime, but in machine overtime anything over ten hours is not worth anything like the money paid for it."

A WAYFARER.

THE NEW EUROPE.

VI.—CULTURE AND THE MOTHER TONGUE II.

THE monstrous German delusion of a universal culture-language arises from a radical misinterpretation of "World-history." Because comparatively few languages have ever become vehicles of culture, and because these few have always won homage from uncultured peoples of alien mother-speech, the Germans attribute to the "culture-language" a mystic quality which differentiates it *in toto*, like the speech of Olympus, from the uninspired idioms of mortal men. Herein they greatly err. Culture is not, and never can be, an inherent quality peculiar to a particular language. It is the heritage of the whole human race, cherished, enriched, and transmitted by one generation to another, from one corner to the other of the earth. Human languages are the vessels in which culture resides. No language has been a "culture-language" from the beginning, and none is incapable of becoming such in the end. Some may be called to be vessels of honor, and some of dishonor, but all are simply vessels, and nothing less or more. The German theory preposterously reverses the process of human development. As culture grows, it really takes into its service an increasing variety of tongues; and the phase of evolution called "Nationality" is characterized by the simultaneous propagation of culture through diverse languages flourishing side by side, just as in the political sphere it implies a pluralism of self-governing societies.

Does this give us that objective criterion for demarcating one nation against another which politics

and geography fail to provide? Can we say that, where this plurality of culture-languages exists, all those who speak each language constitute a single nation in their totality? The definition would sound plausible, did we not find the Germans falling back on it as their second line of defence. At moments when they contemplate the possibility of defeat, they admit that they have failed to Germanize their French and Polish-speaking borderers, and that the Germanization of all Europe is an extravagant phantasy. "But whatever happens," they say, "we will not yield a foot of German soil. All who speak the language of Kant and Goethe shall remain heirs to the inheritance with which Kant and Goethe have endowed their tongue. German Alsace shall never be abandoned, and German Flanders shall for ever be brought within the national fold."

The faultiness of this last desperate German claim to domination lies in its persistent neglect of the subjective factor. The mere possession of a mother-tongue does not impart a national culture, as the German is the first to insist; else all mankind would be cultured, from the German himself down to the clicking Kaffir. What creates a national culture is the elevation of a native tongue to enshrine humanity's spiritual inheritance, and this consecration is essentially an effort of will. Now, when a group of people performs this act of volition, it is just as possible for them to choose another group's language to be the vehicle for their culture as it is for them to choose political co-operation with people the other side of a geographical barrier. The Albanians of Epirus, for example, raised themselves from barbarism by welcoming to their churches, and later to their primary schools, the alien language of the Greeks, and when the other Albanians summoned them, two years ago, to enter the new "national" state and found a new culture in their common mother-tongue, they vindicated their self-chosen Hellenism by an appeal to arms.

So it is with Alsace and Flanders, and Germany has been a loser on both accounts. For not only have the Poles refused obstinately to imbibe culture through any medium except their own Slavonic patois, but the Alsations have been so wrong-headed as to renounce the mother-tongue they share with Kant and Goethe, and turn for culture to Latin France. The cause of their choice is not difficult to discover. While the speakers of German east of the Rhine were doing homage to the intellectual circle at Weimar, the Alsations were living the great life of the French Revolution, and receiving their first political ideals and their first public education from the disciples of Rousseau and Voltaire.

The coldness of the Flemings towards Germanism is even more excusable. The German argument lays siege to them with military methodicality. "The Flemings," it submits, "inherit the same Low-German variety of mother-tongue as the populations of Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and East Prussia. But these easterly Low-Germans on the Baltic have accepted the High-German speech as their culture-language, and become the very core of the consolidated German nation. What defence, then, can the westerly Low-Germans in Flanders offer for holding themselves offensively aloof?"

* See first and third articles of this series.

The Fleming's single and sufficient answer is that his soul has never responded to the message of Goethe or Luther—for it was the religious and literary appeal of Luther's Bible, and no philological formula of relation between Low and High-German vowel-systems, which fused the elements of modern Germany into one. But the dominant factor in Flemish national consciousness has been the rejection of Protestantism for a passionate loyalty to the Roman Church in an environment of heretics and unbelievers. The Germans will judge better whether the Flemings are destined to Germanization, if they will read Flemish history. Exactly a century ago the Congress of Vienna yoked Flanders with Holland, where an identical Low-German dialect was not merely spoken but had been developed into a culture-language of the first rank. Yet the Dutch Calvinistic tradition* was so antipathetic to the Fleming that he fortified himself against Dutch culture with the foreign culture of his French-speaking neighbors, hazarded a political revolution within fifteen years to break the Dutch political connection, and did not begin to build up an independent literature of his own in the Dutch-Flemish tongue till twenty years after his political independence from Holland was assured, while to this day he continues his political co-operation with the French-speaking Walloons, and, for all his Flemish patriotism, allows their language to pass current with his own in his administration, his law-courts, and his schools. Is such a man a promising convert to Germanism? Are bayonets likely to teach him that High-German *Ablauts* are the medium through which he is destined to partake of culture in this twentieth century?

No; it is the Germans who have much to learn. They must be taught that no objective criterion, however fundamental, can settle people's culture, any more than their political allegiance, against the evidence of their own declared will.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Life and Letters.

THE UNFINISHED WORLD.

CATAclysm drives men from as well as to religion: the effects of the war are great, and will be greater, in each direction. There is, and will be, a revival; there is, and will be, a falling away. For a catastrophe on a large scale strikes the imagination very vividly. We remember a devout person, of artistic temperament, who after the disastrous fire at the *Bazar de Charité* in Paris in the last generation lost faith in God—for a week. She would now, probably, do so for a fortnight; the artistic temperament in our generation lets itself go more freely than it did. But the contrast is, indeed, sharp; it breaks in with an acute and intolerable discord on what for most of us, in a land of order like our own, is the even tenor of our way. The unexpected is the terrible; our philosophy, our scheme of life, has no place for it; sensitive persons are obsessed by the thought of this strange and hostile element in the universe which, from

time to time, breaks out like an uncaged beast upon us—vast, destructive, malign.

What has religion to say to this element? It must have some account of it to give; for its function is to interpret life—and, unless it does so, it is nothing. We are not to expect that its interpretation will be complete. We know in part, and our treasure is in earthen vessels. But we do know, and we do possess the treasure; and both the knowledge and the treasure grow with the years. Well, we think that what religion has to say about these things is very much what good sense and reason have to say about them. And, for the benefit of those who expect more, we will say that as we know no reason or good sense without religion, so we know no religion without reason and good sense.

First, then, with regard to the sufferers. There are evils worse, very much worse, than death. And when we reflect on the high qualities often shown in an emergency by men and women who, under ordinary circumstances, are, or at least seem, commonplace enough, there is no difficulty in supposing that for them the moral and spiritual growth of years was concentrated into one supreme moment; and that its coming into their rather drab lives was the best thing in the world that could have happened to them. Then, at least, the great horizons of the universe opened before them; they were happy in the opportunity of their death.

Secondly, religion excludes certain superstitious beliefs with regard to God's Providence as displayed in the world-government, which grew apace, like hurtful and ugly weeds, among early men, and are not extinct to-day. A clergyman known to the writer is never tired of impressing upon his parishioners that the war is a judgment—for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church. In a large sense it is true that the world's history is the world's judgment. But the attempt to see particular judgments, or providences, in human affairs, to interpret the success or unsucccess of human enterprise as an indication of the favor or the disfavor of God, is foolish and blasphemous. The founder of Christianity warns us against it. "Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Affirming the general connection between physical and moral evil, He emphatically repudiates the notion of a particular causality or consequence: "Your Father . . . maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Especially we must exclude that jealousy of human achievement which early men ascribed to the Deity. Traces of this belief are found in the Creation Story in Genesis—"Behold, the man is become as one of us"—and in the Babel narrative—"This is what they begin to do, and now nothing will be withholden from them. Go to; let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech." Even in the clearer air of Athens, Solon could speak of the Divine as "a thing ever envious and disturbing"; and the sentiment is seldom absent from what are called "Pulpit References" to public misfortunes. Far from us be such evil dreams! God made us to His own image and likeness. It is not for us to make Him to ours.

Thirdly, it is true that for us whose lot is cast in a temperate zone, in an ordered civilization, and, normally at least, in peaceful times, the stretch of existence is level, and catastrophe on a large scale exceptional. But it is not so in history, or all the world over. There is that in life, even to-day, which, if we fix our eyes upon it, makes the world a dream of horror—the dark places of the earth are full of blood. This did not begin with the

*The Dutch have remained proof against High German culture for the same reason as the Flemings: they have never taken their religion from Luther's Bible. Calvinism was as alien to Lutheranism as was the Counter-Reformation.

present war, and will not end with it. We must not measure life by the infinitesimal fraction of it which enters into our personal, or class, or local experience; the spiritual obesity of the well-fed Christian is a thing to make angels weep.

Nor, if we reflect, do the lesser ills to which flesh is heir, and which, from custom, we take for granted, militate less strongly against the shallow and facile optimism which concludes that because we, perhaps, have our meals regularly, all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. If the existence of suffering is inconsistent with the Divine world-government, the scale on which this suffering exists is a matter of detail. A toothache is as good—we do not say as striking—an argument as a cancer; the death of a child as the wiping out of a nation. A belief which is more than a sentiment or a superstition must take in the facts. If pain and death disprove God—well, only one conclusion is open to us, and a catastrophe on a large scale is not needed to enforce it. If, on the other hand, we accept God as the essential postulate of life and mind, our belief must be of such a character as to include evil, moral as well as physical, not indeed as a permanent element in the universe—this were Atheism—but as an actual factor in it, restrained from the full exercise of its power; were this not so, it would obliterate us and our handiwork—but intermittently and imperfectly restrained.

The key to the whole is that we live in a universe only in part reduced to order, only in part rescued from chaos, rudimentary, in process of becoming, and incomplete. There is goodness in the world, but imperfect goodness; reason, but inchoate reason; law, but law imperfectly formulated and enforced. It was an unfinished world from the creation of which "God rested"; distant is His, and our, Sabbath: as yet it is not; it "*remaineth* for the people of God." On the supposition of a finished creation the world would be a tangle of conflicting and broken purposes, life meaningless, God a dream. This was the truth underlying the old Dualistic religions which pictured the world as a battlefield between light and darkness, the good and the evil principle. Their error lay in the relative significance which they attached to the two elements, not in the recognition of the actual conflict between them. This conflict is a primary fact of experience. St. Paul's famous argument in the Epistle to the Romans is built upon it. The glory is not, but "shall be," revealed in us; the creature is not, but "shall be" delivered from the bondage of corruption; as we "wait for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," so its "earnest expectation waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." In Nature this conflict takes the shape of Evolution; in speculation it becomes the Dialectic of the Idea; in religion it is the "God all in all" viewed as the remote goal of the world progress. But throughout the world is for us a thing not become but becoming, a design imperfectly realized, potential, in process of reduction to actuality. Hence the home longing of the soul: "here have we no abiding city, but we seek one to come."

Were it not so, failure would be written large upon the world, life, and man. Think of the creations which have gone under in past time; the fauna and flora of vanished worlds; the oceans, the continents, the civilizations sunk in the waste of the ages. Were the visible all, could we escape from the conclusion that

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep?"

It is in the moral and spiritual world that we escape

from this ever-revolving wheel of existence, and discern the complete as opposed to the incomplete values of life. Of this higher world the material universe is the symbol and the commencement. Taken in their entirety the two are inseparable; but the one is idea, the other fact. A merely mechanical control of Nature breaks down when the pressure of the elements controlled exceeds its capacity: it is Spirit, not mere force, that restrains the tempest with a "Peace, be still." Not, then, till the moral world becomes actual will the new heaven and the new earth be made. As yet they are in the making; and into the universal stream we must put ourselves, religion, God even as conceived by us; all things flow. But we may do so fearlessly. Aristotle tells us of certain strangers who came to Heraclitus; and, finding him in his workshop, covered with the dust and smoke of the furnace, would have withdrawn. But the philosopher bade them enter boldly—"For here also (he said) there are Gods."

THE ANTI-DEMOCRACY OF GERMANY.

A DEEP and searching question is put in an interesting article in the "New Republic" by Mr. Randolph Bourne, who discusses "American Use for German Ideals." That Germany has now set the world against her by her conduct is evident and natural; the most sombre pessimist would scarcely expect his age to condone warlike practices that have been repudiated for centuries. But Mr. Bourne is shocked by the haste with which his countrymen adopted the cause of the Allies at the outset, and he is shocked because it seems to him that Germany, apart from her spirit and methods of warfare, stands for all that is new and stimulating, the great spiritual energy of the world, the "only broad and seizing" ideas that have lived in our generation. On the other side, he sees nothing but conservatism. "Both England and France are fighting to conserve rather than to create." He thinks, as many an Englishman felt, with very different reason, a century ago in our last supreme struggle, that it is the enemy who is fighting for the dawn, and that some hideous perversity has obliged the world to take arms against progress.

Mr. Bourne's leading idea is an idea that has been very much in favor among British thinkers during the last forty years, though there has been a violent reaction during the last twelve months. The ascendancy of German influence was undoubted, and it was to be explained on many grounds, one of them doubtless the victory of 1871. Roughly speaking, Germany came to stand for a conception of order, in which a sense of national unity, of national purpose, and a confidence in the care of the government, in its integrity and public spirit, gave to the poorest and humblest member of the State dignity as well as comfort, consideration as well as protection against the ills of life. Here was a State that welcomed education, opened its arms to science, scorned the slipshod and dilatory methods of other Governments, and recognized that Government was not an affair of speeches or a theatre for the passions and emotions, but a sphere for system, foresight, careful and orderly construction. This general view of politics fascinated many minds. In the first place, it had a natural charm for the thinker who disbelieved in popular government on principle, who judged the rule of an educated class responsible only to its highly developed social conscience to be the ideal form of Government, who wanted nothing so much as to see every man put in his place and kept there. Such a man pointed triumphantly to Germany, with her insurance, her town-planning, her widely-spread education, asking whether the poor were anywhere so

happy, and whether any champion of their rights could quarrel with a system under which they received such solid blessings. Then, again, it attracted the school of efficiency, the men who thought that there was a great deal of talking and sentimentalizing in our politics but very little real achievement. In their eyes, Germany stood for the tidy world and we for slovenly disorder. Lastly, Germany attracted the disillusioned, the men who thought that Liberalism had been admiring a false dawn since 1789, that all our passion for liberty, self-government, and democracy had left us with a world in which wealth was sovereign, and every kind of abuse and wrong flourished beneath our fine and exalted phrases. This feeling is very evident in Mr. Bourne's article, and he says that "the horrors of peace in industrial plutocracies will always make such terms as 'civilization' and 'humanity' very nebulous."

Now, nobody of sense or imagination will refuse to recognize a debt to German ideas and German achievement. There has, indeed, been something unseemly in the precipitate haste of many of Germany's admirers to disown an inspiration which was only too evident a few years ago. The world has to beat Germany, but the world has also to learn from Germany, a truth that was put with great power by the poet (Mr. George Russell) some time ago. But Mr. Bourne's article is surely marked by the extravagance that marked the teaching of those of our own thinkers and politicians who were perpetually referring us to Germany in the days of Imperialism and the reaction against democracy. The German system is in truth a revolt against 1789; an attempt to eliminate the influences of the Revolution and to start rebuilding the world from the ideas of the old German State. When that system is set in contrast to the old British ideas of *laissez-faire* and the Manchester School, or to the exaggerated individualism of the old Liberalism of Western Europe, its merits are conspicuous enough. Nobody wants to take as his type of British civilization the British workman at the time of Chartism, or the spectacle of the Industrial Revolution, with its vast iniquities and its permanent legacy of evil. Nor, again, have we to look very deeply into modern life to find a hundred weaknesses that reveal the want of spiritual unity and discipline. But to treat the German system as the alternative to this kind of anarchy is to give it a false setting. For the German theory of the State is equally at war with a fundamental aspect of Western Liberalism, the Western theory of the citizen.

We do not pretend that Great Britain or France or Italy presents the picture of a supremely successful civilization in which the poorest man or woman has the prospect of a free, happy, and useful life. But when Mr. Bourne speaks of Germany as embodying the new ideas of the world, we have to remember that her system involves the surrender of this conception of the citizen, this regard for the dignity and self-respect of the individual, this attachment to the idea of human equality, the sacrifice in fine of nothing less than democracy. In this sense surely if she is revolutionary, she is revolutionary in the interests and in the spirit of ideas in comparison with which the old ideas that France and Britain are defending have all the energy and vitality of youth. The world, in fact, is too young for Germany, not too old; so young as to believe still that there is some magic in democracy, though the disappointments of democracy are so thick on the pages of the last hundred years. And those who note how the Western world, disenchanted and languid as it might have seemed, started to its feet when those ideas were threatened, will have noted also that in France

and in Britain, in different forms, the spirit of democracy had risen before the war against the mere gospel of efficiency. It is strange that Mr. Bourne should have overlooked altogether the several manifestations of the idea of Syndicalism, a significant movement, and one that is scarcely less vital in some of its aspects than the Collectivist movement which Mr. Bourne refers to Germany. After the war every State will have to learn something from Germany of the secret of organization, of her care for life and health throughout society; but to most liberal minds Germany presents in peace the same capital defects that she has displayed in war, as a State in which the citizen is without choice or initiative, and the nation cannot even discuss the orders it takes from its rulers. France and Britain may appear to be fighting merely "to conserve," but it is to conserve the only foundations on which the world can create a society that is capable of the kind of co-operation that marks a free people.

A PLEA FOR GENERALISM.

THE object of the British Association hardly, if ever, appeals to the layman as the thrilling thing it is. The variety and beauty of the effects which Nature displays daily seem to be in an order very remote from that of these scientific meetings; yet it is precisely these effects which form the subject-matter of the various branches of science. It is true that the scientist regards them differently. He seeks to discover the biography of the present phases, in order that he may find how the past has become parent of the present; and to simplify his quest he rigidly isolates, in his mind, the one thing which has attracted his interest. This is, in effect, the mood and method which have given birth to one of the most characteristic features of modern times—specialism. It is not only one of the most characteristic features of the day: it is one of the most highly honored. Specialism seems to have, by common consent, a sort of sacrosanctity attaching to it, as though the specialist were something like an ascetic, shunning delights and living laborious days. Yet this very aloofness and honor are responsible for the suspicion with which the common man regards the works and ways of the specialist. His mind gives a natural rebound from the artificial isolation of certain phenomena which is the first instinct with the true specialist. He persists in regarding such a process as similar to the distillation of water, a course which may be good, wholesome, and perhaps necessary; but nevertheless a course which drives all the life out of the matter upon which it is brought to bear.

It is quite possible there is even more reason in this attitude than the average man could coherently explain. The whole tendency of modern science is to create a condition of things which grows more and more artificial. "The science of biology" is a phrase which seems to open up a vista of immense interest, yet it is remarkable that a classification which, to-day, should be so loose as "biologists" would include workers whose methods and mentality are almost as different as those of the historian and the philosopher. Even the science of botany has numerous subdivisions already of sufficient dignity to provide lectureships for their special study. A loose division would give: morphology, anatomy, cytology, physiology, ecology, palæontology, plant breeding, pathology, and systematic botany. But these are only the broad main divisions. Each one of them has its votaries, and the tendency of each student is to stray off into bye-paths. Indeed, it is a tendency deliberately encouraged. The medieval thesis system has its

champions in modern Germany, and has a lineal descendant in the modern scientific research system in vogue everywhere. A special severely restricted line is selected, and then perhaps years of a life are poured into work upon it. The point may be the behavior of a certain type of light under certain conditions. In that narrow groove a man will work with all the energy of a miner; but quite possibly with very little of the just satisfaction a miner must feel in seeing, after a day's work in a stifling atmosphere, a mass of one of the world's greatest commodities. For what can be the use of this intentness upon the most minute reactions of Nature? The field is so large that there are small holdings for all, and the youngest student will proudly boast that he daily makes discoveries. The least important thing that one can say of such a claim is that it is true. What is the end of such research? Is it that, in time, all the secrets of Nature may be known? Merely to frame such a question at once presses home the illusoriness of such an object. But the pursuit goes on as though there were some such object in view, and the truth is that the specialized curiosity seizes upon the student, and hounds him on with unrelenting energy. If the aim of specialism is not to garner all knowledge, its sub-conscious claim is that it harvests at least a huge amount. But there is no particular advantage in mere mass of knowledge. The student requires a certain sort of knowledge. There must be an infinity of facts which have no greater value than that it is probably better to know them than not to know them. The incessant work of scientific research is akin to the labor of the gold-digger, who turns up some tons of quartz for every ounce of gold.

The specialist might set up a defence that until the soil is broken and examined it is impossible to say what is of value and what is not. Such a point of view at once opens up the wide question whether specialism might not better subserve the purposes of science if it were launched from a deeper and surer grasp of general knowledge. The student at a typical University is allowed to specialize on some branch of science immediately after matriculation. He is required to pass merely an elementary examination. He may be perfectly innocent of classical knowledge, and indeed of any knowledge except the elementary grammar of one or two languages and the rudiments of one or two subjects: geography, chemistry, a branch of physics, &c. He is allowed at once to devote the major portion of his time to the subject upon which he is to specialize. He must, perhaps, obtain certificates in one or two subsidiary subjects, one or both of which may have little or no bearing upon his special subject. Thereafter, for two years or so, he devotes himself to the special study of his subject. Frequently this means attending lectures upon various aspects of the subject. At the end of two years he may be turned loose upon research. The examination system requires that the student should be able on demand to retail to the examiner what has been supplied him. He is, generally speaking, too young either to correlate, or even reasonably assimilate, the highly technical matter which has been the subject of so many lectures. In effect, he is driven to specialized efforts of memory. He remembers processes of reasoning with such success that he can reproduce them almost exactly as they have been given him. This is not really an unfair description of the experience of an ordinary honors student, and it is useful as showing the general mental equipment of the young specialist. Would it not be unreasonable to expect such workers to do more than make a multitude of useless "discoveries"? What do these represent? Surely, nothing more than careful

observation of the type which, a few decades hence, may be relegated to highly-developed machines.

It is sometimes claimed that such research provides a unique education, using the word to mean mental training. But Dr. Schuster, in his Presidential address the other day, pointed out that science has no monopoly of the sort. He said, indeed, only what was just; for the same claim has been made at various times for legal study, for classical study, for archæology, and even palæography. It is probable that almost any subject-matter can provide a perfect mental training so far as this means alertness and power of discrimination. These really depend more on the interest of the subject—a question of personal idiosyncrasy—and concentration. But as a training of judgment for the practical affairs of life, what training could be worse than this pre-occupation with, say, the relation of sunspots to magnetic storms? Another line of defence of such research is the practical impossibility of increasing our knowledge otherwise. But the sum of relevant—not to use the ambiguous word *useful*—knowledge is swelled so little by this ocean of directed effort that it might well be questioned whether the whole system is wrong.

But this is dominantly a speculative question. The average man has a much more serious charge to bring against specialism. A generation or two ago every schoolboy was taught a series of generalizations which were described as science. They were not very accurate and not very many; but they increased one's interest in the throbbing world which is within and about us. That "science" or "general science" has disappeared is directly due to the growth of specialism. Some spasmodic and half-hearted attempts have been made in recent years to replace this honorable subject in the curriculum. General knowledge papers are, at times, set at examinations; and, presumably, if one could deduce Kepler's laws or even the laws of motion, one might gain a scholarship. There is also a subject which has been described as "general science," but which, judging by the text-books, is really a series of extremely elementary half-truths. But what a loss it is that all the intensely fascinating things which a generation of scientific workers have laid bare should be known to no one at all, that the biologist should rest content with his small plot and not feel the imperative need to peep over the walls into his neighbors' gardens! What a loss to the ordinary man that he should embark upon the serious business of life with no knowledge of the charted skies above him or of the tapestried ground upon which he walks! And yet the remedy would seem to be simple. In a few years hence, it may be, there will be established chairs for generalism. The holders of these chairs will be greater, not less, than the specialists. They will be "generalists," and it will be their duty to correlate all new discoveries that are relevant, and to lecture upon general knowledge. They will see at once how the hypothesis of transmutation, say, modifies other branches of science, and will slightly change the orientation of their lectures accordingly. They will know the accuracy and the limits of accuracy of the various branches of science. Everyone will be compelled to attend the lectures of the Professor of Generalism. The embryo psychologist will learn of man *in esse* as well as *in posse*. The medical student will realize how deep the roots of man are laid in the history of all living things. The theologian will realize the precise nature of the claim that science makes to explain the last secrets of life and death and destiny. And so on. How much finer will every strand of knowledge be when it is traced to the main rope of world lore! And how much richer and more vital will be everyone's

interest in life when he is made to realize the compelling appeal in the commonest things!

It may be thought that this is to paint the Professor of Generalism as a genius. But it is not at all necessary. There is already existing a body of men who are virtually "generalists." The ordinary general practitioner is compelled to make some such claim, and if his class tends to be denominated from its most haphazard members, this does not at all discredit the ideal which lies behind the broad conception. There are general practitioners in Harley Street who are, perhaps, the cream of their profession. Healthy life represents a sort of rhythm, dependent upon a nice adjustment of various functions. The specialist who cuts out one or other organ of the body may remedy a given local evil, but may permanently disturb the whole rhythm. Mr. Shaw has pilloried with unforgettable humor the modern specialist, and Mr. Walpole and "Colly" Ridgeon represent a real element in the mentality of every specialist. Indeed, in the end specialism becomes assimilated to a sort of trick which the specialist plays upon each new thing which turns up. And it has all the amusing and compelling interest of tricks and games. The man who is caught by such a trick may never come to see if it advantages the subject to which it is theoretically attached. He is, in a just sense, like the mine pony, doomed never again to see the light of day. But the student who attempts to correlate all this multifarious work, to trace each rivulet to the main stream, however far he may lag behind, has ever new vistas opening before him. And this might be the experience of all cultivated men if a science of general knowledge were to be carved out and pursued by first-rate minds, who could stand as interpreters to the many.

POEMS, BAD AND GOOD.

IN these times of storm and stress, it is pleasing to find a writer in a daily newspaper who has preserved the leisure and detachment of mind requisite for the discussion of such a subject as poetry. The genial humorist who daily contributes a column to the "Daily News" under the heading "Sub Rosa" has more than once lately devoted his space to this theme. He recently took occasion to refer to the alleged inferior quality of the poetry written *apropos* of the war. A correspondent, smarting under a sense of injustice, thereupon wrote to the effect that the fault was not that of the poets, but of the editors who filled their columns with rubbish and returned the really noble and worthy poems with thanks.

"Have we any evidence," this gentleman asks, "that any London editor knows the difference between the poetry a man of genius writes and the drivel written, say, by the late or present Poet Laureate? If we judge by what they publish, we must conclude either that the editors are utter idiots, or that no true poetry is written in these days. But what about the poetry they decline with thanks? I feel rather bitter about that." "The Sunday before last," he adds, "I addressed four meetings (presumably recruiting meetings), in all about ten thousand people. At each meeting I recited a poem of mine, called 'Retreat,' *re* the Russian retreat. On each occasion I told the people that, of its kind, no greater poetry had ever been written by any man in any language, a claim they endorsed by acclamation. Yet, were it sent to any newspaper, it would certainly not appear."

We are inclined to question whether this gentleman's poems are really as good as he thinks they are. It appears to us that, however great his poetic faculty may

be, at any rate his present frame of mind is not one favorable to what is commonly, but we believe quite erroneously, described as the "making" of poetry. The poet's mind should be in a state of tranquil, unharassed receptivity if a poem is to be born from it or spring from it; the mirror which is to receive the image should not be blurred or tarnished by feelings of personal bitterness or disappointment. The reveries of Wordsworth were worlds away from the broodings of wounded vanity.

By a curious coincidence, the same issue of the "Daily News" contained a bright little sketch entitled "The Birth of a Sonnet." Three holiday undergraduates on the river concoct a farcically bad poem, or rather, one of them does so, amid the friendly banter of the other two. This sonnet possesses all the characteristics of a bad poem in such a very high degree that it may be worth while to quote it in full. We commend it to those amateurs of whom we have recently heard whose hobby is the collection of bad poems. It is addressed to the River Thames, and runs as follows:—

"Emblem of truth and purity and might,
Of work accomplished and of work untold,
O bear thou on thy ceaseless load of mould
To form new continents; the future site
Of post-historic man and troglodyte,
Where now is waste of waters uncontrolled,
A myriad, myriad lives are in thy hold,
Keep thou thy sacred charge; forbear to blight.
So thought I as I left yon moss-grown spot,
And followed where thy waters race pell-mell
Past banks of thyme and blue forget-me-not
On their eternal task. How trivial
The works of man! An engine-house! Great Scott!
Thou art up-pumped to feed the dank canal!"

"Up-pumped" is good. The poem itself is pumped up from a depth of inner vacuity. It has no correspondence or relation whatever with anything seen or felt by the poet. There is no reason in the world why it should have been written at all. Joke as it is, it is a gorgeous specimen of the whole genus of bad poems. It, however, does not seem to us much worse than many far more ambitious productions. We will not mention names—we do not wish to write ourselves down heretics and philistines or disappointed rhymesters like the critic of the drivel of the last and present Laureates, but we confess there are poems by very reputable and considerable authors which appear to us "pumped-up." There seems to be no compelling reason for their existence at all.

The bad poems are spun out of the writers' heads. But let a man see three white ducks waddle across the village green in the sunshine, and unselfishly delight in the sight, and express his delight in the first words that come, and it will not be a bad poem, very likely a triumphantly good one. The great mark of bad poetry is effort. The bad poets strive and cry, they toil and spin, they take thought. Good poetry comes without observation. The sunset glows for Wordsworth behind the yew-trees of a Westmorland churchyard, and it is not merely a sunset, but a poem written in letters of fire. The rainbow comes and goes, and good poetry comes in the same way. Let us think for a moment of the peculiar greatness of Wordsworth. Going about in his continual reverie, impressions from the outer world were constantly borne in upon his mind, and immediately translated themselves into verse. He was much derided in his own day because these impressions came to him from such very simple things. What a perfect poem, for instance, "The Reverie of Poor Susan" is!

"'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor thro' Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on thro' the Vale of Cheapside."

But the eye of the bad poet is turned inward. The outer world does not exist for him. From his own mind he labors to shape his work of art. It may be objected that a sonnet, at any rate, must be to some extent a manufacture, not a birth, or growth, or revelation. A sonnet must be something fabricated. But a Wordsworth sonnet is at once, so to speak, both architectural and spontaneous. In the present writer's opinion, the sonnet on "Westminster Bridge" is the most perfect and miraculous poem existing in any language. Another very lovely example of an artificially symmetrical poem is "Charles of Orleans."

"Le temps a laissé son manteau."

The truth of the matter appears to be that the poet is a seer. Poetry is vision. The complement of this vision, the other side of it, is expression. The two things are one; they cannot exist separately, at least in any very high degree. The poet is the alchemist who without effort instantaneously transmutes vision into expression. The vision is of real things; in the act of seeing, the poet gives them to us in their essence. Let us quote Wordsworth again, the sonnet, "Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?"

"Yet still I ask what haven is her mark?
And almost as it were when ships were rare
(From time to time like pilgrims here and there
Crossing the waters), doubt and something dark,
Of the old sea, some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous bark!"

The sense of what the sea was to the ancient world is here conveyed in a marvellous way. No amount of luxuriant verbiage compensates for the lack of vision. Non-seers heap up words in the effort to describe the unrealized or even the non-existent.

For our own part, we have always held that in a good poem the idea and the words are born together. A good poet never "gets" an unembodied idea and then "works it out" in words. However good the idea is, unless there is a nucleus of words in which it comes enwrapped it remains unrealized. There is always, so, at least, we believe, some germ or core of words which gathers other words to itself until the poem is completely evolved. The gathering words may sometimes appear to bring the idea with them as they come, though it is probably always latent in the first words. The words come first, or, at any rate, the words and the idea come together; the idea comes clothed in words.

The groundwork of poetry, we repeat, is vision. The work of the poet is to see things and to reveal them to us. He sets down what he sees, often some simple natural thing, and he conveys its magic. He conveys its magic, because it is full of magic, and he sees it as it is, and he sets it down as he sees it. Coleridge is perhaps our greatest English magician. Among modern and minor people Mr. Walter de la Mare has a magical faculty of seeing. But take a verse or two of a poem of Théophile Gautier's "Le Départ des Hirondelles." The poem is marred here and there by the use of outlandish exotic words (probably due to the poet's habit of reading the dictionary), and it contains (in the last stanza) one line of pure prose, "Comme dans le chanson de Rückert," which we question if even a bad poet would have written in England. But listen to this:—

"La pluie dans le bassin fait des bulles,
Les hirondelles sont sur le toit,
Elles tiennent conciliabules;
Voici l'hiver; voici les froid."

"Elles s'assemblent par centaines. . . ."
So it goes on triumphantly. The poet raises the listener

to the height of his entire and luminous perception. He sets down the bare fact, apparently in the first words that come to hand; but in them there is the rustle of hundreds of wings. We say, "apparently the first words," but here we touch on a mystery. *Poema nascitur.*

Present-Day Problems.

LABOR AND MUNITIONS.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George, in response to an invitation, went to address the Trade Union Congress at Bristol, he had presumably a full sense of his responsibility. He knew that what he said would be regarded as the Government's official pronouncement on Labor's response to the demand for munitions; he knew that, over the length and breadth of the country, his speech would sway opinion either for or against the working-class. If the impression he conveyed to readers of the next morning's papers were to be favorable, public opinion would believe that the great mass of the workers were doing their best; if an unfavorable impression were given, Labor would suffer lasting damage in the national esteem.

Speaking under these conditions, Mr. Lloyd George brought a number of charges against particular bodies of workmen, and, apart from a single short sentence, said nothing to show that organized Labor is doing its best. The impression he gave was adverse to the workers, and public opinion has been influenced by what he conveyed.

If, then, Labor is not to submit to the charges of selfishness and lack of patriotism, the reply which the Congress had no opportunity of making must be made elsewhere. It is true that the Parliamentary Committee of the Congress has taken up the challenge, and is preparing a reply; but, though the time has not yet come for a definite answer, at least an interim attempt must be made to counteract the public effect of Mr. Lloyd George's speech.

In trying to discover how far the charges are justified, we must first see clearly what they are. It is, in the first place, important to note that they are, on the face of it, mere scattered cases—selected, Mr. Lloyd George tells us, from a larger repertoire, but, as they stand, isolated. Before we can even begin to estimate their significance, we need to know how far they are really representative of the general position.

One thing at least is clear and admitted. No charges are levelled against the officials and executives of the unions. They have admittedly given the Government every assistance in their power. The suggestion is that the workers themselves, in their workshops, are refusing to carry out the bargain made on their behalf by the trade union leaders. Made on their behalf, indeed; but a bargain made by the leaders without consultation with the rank and file.

The charge, then, is that the rank and file of the skilled unions are in many cases still maintaining restrictions on output, and still refusing to allow the introduction of unskilled or semi-skilled labor, male and female, on jobs formerly reserved for skilled men. Let us take these two points separately.

The charge of maintaining restrictions on output, as made by Mr. Lloyd George, is in the main quite general. He quotes a report from the branch of his department in charge of this question, stating that "in nearly all districts, except in shell production in some places, the usual trade union restrictions on output are rigidly maintained." Let us see how this astonishingly sweeping indictment is borne out by the instances given. They are three; and only one of them involves even a local branch of a trade union. We are told that "a man at one of the arsenals earned 25s. before dinner, and the foreman stopped him, saying that he was doing too much." On the face of it, is it not very probable that a man working at such a rate was doing too much for continued health or efficiency? If that was so, was not

the foreman quite right to stop him? The second case is that of a circular sent round by an individual, not a trade union official—demanding interference with a man who was supposed to be working too hard. This case I do not defend: I will only point out that this man had no shadow of authority, and that he was at once repudiated by the trade unionists of his own district. No power on earth, and no amount of good-will, can prevent such unauthorized acts on the part of a few individuals. I come now to the third case, which alone involves a trade union branch. A man was fined £1 by his local branch of the Ironfounders for doing two and a-half days' work in two days, and refusing to waste the other half day. Suppose this true: it remains the one instance given by Mr. Lloyd George which involves a trade union.

Now let us take the other side of the picture. While the Trade Union Congress was listening to an attack on the workers for slacking and restricting output, the British Association at Manchester was discussing the serious effects of industrial fatigue on the workers. This discussion forms an effective reply to Mr. Lloyd George on this point. "Some of the diminution of output," said Professor Kirkcaldy, of Birmingham, "is due to the fact that our labor is improperly organized. If you have people working ten and eleven hours a day for a seven days' week, and they keep on doing that week after week and month after month, you cannot expect the best results." Dr. Legge, the Medical Inspector of Factories under the Home Office, added that he had been greatly struck, while travelling about the country, with the wonderful spirit of the workers. Though great employers attended the discussion, there seems to have been no general criticism of the workers' attitude. The British Association seems to recognize, better than Mr. Lloyd George, the response which the workers as a whole have made.

There are, of course, cases in which output is still restricted; but in many of these the blame rests less on the workers than on the employers. The increase in fast-running machinery, the perpetual growth of speeding-up, and the long hours of overtime, combine to force the workers in self-defence to limit output in some cases. It is indeed astonishing that trade unions have consented so generally to the abolition of safeguards. Long ago, the Chairman of the Engineers' Society put forward a demand for a better organization of the working day. For the most part, that demand has gone unheeded; wastefully long hours and wasteful speeding-up continue almost unchecked. But give the workers a better organized working day, with reasonable rest and refreshment, and little more will be heard of restrictions on output, provided the Government will enforce its guarantee that piece-work prices shall not be reduced. That they are being reduced in some cases, trade union officials are only too well aware.

Mr. Lloyd George's second charge is that obstacles are still being raised, in many districts, to the adequate dilution of skilled with unskilled and semi-skilled labor. Practically all his charges on this point were directed against the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who are not members of the Trade Union Congress, and therefore had no chance of replying or questioning him. It is admitted that the employment of semi-skilled and unskilled workers on skilled jobs is, in many cases, necessary. But if the workers in any particular workshop are to accept this, they must see, first, that skilled rates are being generally paid; and, secondly, that the available skilled men are being fully employed. Neither of these conditions is by any means always fulfilled. In the Manchester district, for instance, scandalously low rates are being paid to workers who have been taken on to do skilled work. Often the readjustment of labor is accompanied by a readjustment of processes, and the slightest deviation from the work formerly done by the skilled man is taken by many employers as exempting them from paying the skilled rates of wages. Moreover, there is no guarantee that, where the new workers are employed on time instead of piece-rates, wages at all equivalent will be paid. Whether the Government intends this or not, the imported workers, male and

female, are being widely used to cut down the rates formerly paid. Secondly, there are not wanting cases in which unskilled labor is being taken on while skilled labor is still not fully employed. It is surprising that Mr. Lloyd George should have quoted the case of Woolwich Arsenal against the engineers, when discussion in the House of Commons has revealed the fact that for months skilled men in some departments there have been under-employed. Again, a Belfast delegate at the Congress got in a shrewd blow when he asked why the offer of unemployed skilled munition workers in Belfast to come to England had been ignored by the Ministry of Munitions.

I have said so much by way of defence against Mr. Lloyd George's attack on the workers. But this is only half of the case. Mr. Lloyd George himself clearly stated that the right of the State to make demands from the trade unions depended upon the faithfulness with which it carried out its share of the bargain. "Has the State kept the bargain?" he asked; and he was greeted by shouts of "No!"

The State's share of the bargain, as Mr. Lloyd George himself said, was this. It undertook, at the Treasury Conferences, to "take steps to restrict the profits of employers, so that the suspension of rules should not inure to the enrichment of individual capitalists, but *entirely* to the benefit of the State." It also undertook to restore trade union rules after the war, to maintain piece-work prices during the war, and to secure the skilled rates where imported labor was doing skilled work. Of the third and fourth points I have already spoken in this article, with the second point I have dealt in former articles; I now propose to concentrate on the first point.

The Munitions Act contains a clause limiting profits in controlled establishments, that is, over the greater part of the munitions industry. This clause provides that any excess of the net profits over the amount of profits divisible under the Act shall go to the State. What then is this amount divisible under the Act which secures that the profits made owing to the war shall go *entirely* to the State? It is an amount exceeding by one-fifth the average amount of profits for the two years prior to the war. Before the war, the engineering industry had for some years been exceedingly prosperous; the employer whose profits are limited is to secure 20 per cent. over and above what he secured during those boom years. And, in return for this farcical "limitation," the trade unions have given up all their rules and regulations. On this question, at any rate, the State has not fulfilled the bargain it made with the unions "in the spirit and in the letter."

For the unions, which have given so much, Mr. Lloyd George has no word of praise. But in his speech he said, "I am not going to spare the employers." The workers await his convenience. When will he go to a representative gathering of employers, and recite to them the instances in his possession of undue profiteering and self-interest on their part? There was not a hint in his speech at Bristol of the existence of a single employer who is not inspired in every act by the purest patriotism and self-sacrifice. Has he found this to be the case? Could he not tell us stories about employers far more hair-raising than the scattered and exceptional instances which form the substance of his case against the unions? If he could, it is his duty, in common fairness, to inform the public, in order that they may justly apportion the blame. In doing this, he would do more to stimulate the production of munitions than he will effect by any series of diatribes against the workers. The great majority of the workers have given of their best; when they find themselves insulted, and see the profiteer and the exploiter unpunished and uncensured, they can hardly be expected to go on giving with a good grace. But if the Government will give them fair treatment, they will themselves know how to deal with any recalcitrant minority that remains. It is bad policy, to say the least of it, on the part of the Government to attempt to make the workers shoulder the blame for its own mistakes. Short-sightedness in anticipating the problem, tardiness in dealing with it when it arose, and weakness in subordinating the interests of profiteers to those of the whole

community—these are the charges the Government has to meet. And not till it has met them fairly and openly will Mr. Lloyd George have any right to impute the blame elsewhere, or serve any good purpose by brow-beating the working class.

G. D. H. COLE.

Letters to the Editor.

MR. BERNARD SHAW AND MR. BELL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I always tried to point out in the old days that Mr. Bernard Shaw was not a mystifier, but a clarifier; that he always tried to clear things up, though, in his Irish impatience, he often cleared absolutely necessary things away. What is the matter with him in the present crisis is that he has been forced to become a real mystifier for the first time. He has been forced, because any other kind of effort would have meant his trying to clarify something that is quite clear. He did great good in reducing talk about science and sociology to plain words. But he cannot reduce sin and death to plain words; they are the plainest words there are. Therefore (I say it with real regret), he is no use in this war. I think I understand his simple sorrow. It is that he agrees with the democracy, like the rest of us, but cannot bear to face the fact. And there could not be a better instance of this late and desperate resort to mere mystification than his extraordinary attempt to prove that the squalid panic inculcated in "Peace at Once" is the pivot of every victory.

I am sorry to dissolve his attempted paradox into one of my own platitudes. But the matter, I fear, is terribly simple. Soldiers want to win, and are ready to die in order to win. They have "devices" for safety in the trenches because they want to win, not merely because they do not want to die. They leave off fighting, not because they are any more afraid than on the day they were born, but because they are now so few or so deficient in "devices" that even dying cannot mean winning. There is no shred of evidence for the shameful thought that Lee's men, when they surrendered to Grant, for instance, had sunk to the moral level of Mr. Clive Bell. They surrendered, and the Germans (or the Allies) will surrender, not because dying has become morally impossible, but because victory has become physically impossible. In other words, they exactly fulfil my distinction about the soldier and the suicide. I said the Englishman would rather die than have a German policeman round the corner. I did not say he would rather die *and* have a German policeman round the corner. That would be individual love of death, and therefore suicide. If the German policeman will be there anyhow, we will live and try to make his life a burden.

I confess to fatigue over the Early Victorian business about thirst for blood. I thought at least we could count on Mr. Shaw not to be bamboozled by the cheap pomposities of "popular" science. And if ever there was a piece of cheap science it is the attempt to explain all the collisions between the high creeds and cultures of mankind by an imaginary malady called blood-lust. Mr. Shaw forgets we are living in realities now. Most of us have seen our friends going to the front or coming back from the front, and are capable of testifying to what extent they are licking their chops like cannibals. There is only one thing I should like to add. Mr. Shaw is driven back on this materialistic nonsense because his Fabian philosophy of politics was founded on what he once called "the committee frame of mind"; that is the notion that aims, when enlightened and argued out, are sufficiently similar in direction to be taken in some one curve of compromise. For the full frontal conflict between two incompatible things, in which one man says to another, "I must and will have that which you love most," he has absolutely no philosophy at all. But he will find it perpetually in Europe: and if the Fabian Society had ever come within a hundred miles of making one rich man really poorer he would have found it in England.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—My thoughts turn to the soldiers in the trenches, and there my spirit falters. I am steadied only by an occasional letter from my friend, Captain H—, who is with the Canadian Forces. His simple, manly message touches my heart. "I am well," he writes, "working hard, and constantly having a new *ache* to carry; but it is fine to have for one's friends the sort of men who know how to make the utter sacrifice of self without a murmur."

Sometimes I am permitted by the family to see the letters from two brothers, now at the front. The younger, who volunteered because wrong had been done, now feels that force is not the method for overcoming wrong. This ardent and sensitive spirit recognizes in himself merely an "automaton to shoot, and to be shot at by other automata." He is so strongly against the brute that he feels himself a sinner to have "taken up the old arms." He is left without an effective weapon other than "muscle, bayonet and rifle—the last the most impotent of the three." And yet he writes, "There were, and are, good reasons to be here. And, in any case, I'm happier here than in Canada with this war going on." His brother has the pioneer spirit. He has been in the Cordilleras, in the bush-surveying, and in the North-West of Canada. "He is the sort of fellow people turn to in trouble," his family say. The last word came from him in June: "Quite well, and enjoying it fine!"

A naval marine I hear from through his sister. In the retreat from Antwerp he was wounded in the shoulder, and got separated from his regiment. Together with two companions he made his way to the coast, and reached England in a schooner, faint, weary, his clothes in tatters. "He is a great big boy," said his sister, "but—would you believe it?—when he got home, he *cried*." "But," she added simply, "he got his spirits all back again before he went to the Dardanelles." And now he writes that he is lying in a hospital in Malta with five shrapnel wounds in his body. But he does not murmur. He only speaks of the peace and quiet of the hospital after lying, for six hours, wounded, on the battlefield.

We hear from the French lines in these wonderful letters, written by a soldier to his mother—and now published in the "Revue de Paris"—from which we get the impression that not men, but spirits, live in the trenches. One moment this spirit flames up in passion: "O my country, heart of the world, where reposes all that is divine upon earth! What monster clutches you? Creature whose beauty was an offence. . . ." Then calmness ensues: "Formerly I loved France with a love sincere, if a trifle *dilettante*, I loved her as an artist, proud to live upon this fairest of earth; but, in truth, I loved her a little in the manner that a picture might love its frame. This horror was needed that I might realize all that there is filial and profound in the bonds that unite me to my country—that my *rôle* in relation to society might be definitely traced."

Here, as in the English letters, there is no murmur of complaint, and only one sad allusion to discomfort, when, in the September rains, the soldiers lay down at night, in a deluge of water and mud—their cheeks pressed together, their arms intertwined.

And what of Russia, fighting alone in the wilderness and swamp? But we do not hear from the Russian trenches, save that in the early days of the war there came a faint, far cry, "Does the British soldier think of the Russian soldier?" . . . What if in these messages from the trenches—now broken and fragmentary, now flaming clear, now touching us with a sense of "all that is filial and profound"—we are to discover, later, the soul of the war?—Yours, &c.,

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

September 13th, 1915.

COMPULSORY TRAINING v. COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Though England has been placed in great difficulty by her unpreparedness, it can hardly be said that

up to the present she has suffered from want of men. The real difficulty has been that the recruits were untrained, that it takes time to train them, and that she was unable to put a large army in the field on the breaking out of war.

Many who are opposed to conscription are convinced that henceforth every able-bodied young man should be trained and find himself able to serve at a moment of peril. This would not mean compulsory service. It would mean compulsory training and leave men free to volunteer or not when danger came. Had such a system been in force for ten years before this war there would be no demand for conscription in any form at this moment. There has been an ample, if still insufficient, body of recruits under the voluntary system. If the country had been under military training the number would have been far larger. With such preparation and the spirit and confidence created by it, every able-bodied man not absolutely wanted at home would have enlisted, and we should have had universal service without conscription.

Compulsory training of all young men will serve to no small extent to meet present demands. Training is necessary under any system. If now instituted it will help to fill the ranks almost from its inception. It will be absolutely necessary for the inevitable wars of the future. It should not be regarded as a red herring drawn across the main question of providing adequate numbers for the present war, because it will contribute substantially to supply soldiers at the earliest practicable moment. Its efficacy will depend on the sense of duty of the individual. That sense exists, and is strong in an untrained population. It will be all-powerful in a nation of trained men.

It was in the darkest hour of the struggle with Napoleon that Prussia calmly commenced to legislate for her great reforms, military and civil. Why should not England do so when her strength is unimpaired, the future necessity of universal training being certain?

Up to the present there has been a tendency to exempt Ireland from compulsion in any form. There are grounds for this. The democracies of the two islands have only just begun to understand each other, and to see that their interests are not divergent, although the system of government requires alteration. But there is still in the minds of a certain, or uncertain, number of Irishmen a distrust which, considering the later, not to speak of the remote, past, is not unnatural. It may yet be overcome, and we may live to see all Irishmen as anxious for the safety of the three kingdoms as the multitudes who have followed Mr. Redmond's advice and are fighting, east and west, for the King. May it be so! It was the hope of Isaac Butt to create a spirit of concord with Great Britain, and Mr. Redmond is his true successor in breadth of mind and a manly spirit of conciliation. It is possible that, even at this moment, if universal training, without the obligation of subsequent service, were instituted in Great Britain and adopted, as it would be, by Unionists, Nationalists would hesitate to reject it. Such a policy would leave them the only untrained element in the State, and place them at the mercy of any trained and armed force that invaded or attacked them.—Yours, &c.,

Ex-M.P.

September 13th, 1915.

ECONOMICS, MUNITIONS, AND ENLISTMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the multiplication of counsel some elementary lessons of political economy are being too often forgotten. Contradictory cries—such as "Business as usual," "Every fit man should be in the ranks," "We must bring back skilled artisans from the trenches"—fill the columns of the newspapers. But there is little attempt to co-ordinate these demands. Anyone who opposes conscription is dubbed unpatriotic, and the cry for forced labor is no longer limited to Army and Navy and to the production of war material, though many people still talk as if these were almost the only things to be considered in the present crisis.

One of the truths pushed into the background of men's minds is the fact that all useful labor is a clear gain to

the nation, and that our efficiency for war may be increased by labor which has no inherent utility, but for which there is nevertheless an effective demand. Take, for instance, such work as the manufacture of gramophones. To a careless observer it might seem obvious that gramophone makers are, for war purposes, of very little use. Yet if the gramophones are for export, every student of political economy will see that they may well be purchasing munitions of war. To the man-in-the-street this truth is obscured by the fact that the seller of munitions is not brought into direct relations with the seller of gramophones. Each receives money for his goods, but when we trace the transactions to their ultimate effects we find that normally our exports are paid for, not in gold, but in goods imported. Now, let us suppose that our gramophone makers, animated by patriotic motives, decide to divert their capital, labor, and skill to the making of munitions. They will find, of course, that much of their capital, being in the form of machinery and raw material, cannot be so transferred. Their labor and skill is also specialized, and can only be diverted at a heavy loss. The munitions they are able to produce will be scanty and of poor quality, not nearly equivalent to the munitions which would otherwise have been imported in exchange for their gramophones. If the transfer is brought about, not by patriotic fervor, but by Government interference, the results will be still less satisfactory. There will be the loss of personal enthusiasm; and Government officials will receive in salaries what might otherwise have been spent in the purchase of war supplies, or husbanded for the great struggle.

The question whether makers of gramophones should give up their work and enlist in the Army does not admit of so definite a treatment. When a man elects to risk his life for his country he enriches it with spiritual riches. We cannot nicely calculate the "less or more." If he enlists from less lofty motives, he may yet render more useful service than he can render by sticking to his trade. Whether this would be so depends on many circumstances, among which we must certainly include the question whether he makes a good, bad, or indifferent soldier, and whether he was good, bad, or indifferent at his previous occupation. My present point is only to insist that men may be, in a real sense, contributing to success in the war even when their work seems to have no connection with it.

Mr. Lloyd George somewhat exaggerated the influence of wealth in securing victory; but no competent observer will doubt that this is considerable, and that anything which checks the drain on national wealth caused by war, and especially by such a war, is contributing towards our military success.

It is one of the advantages of a voluntary system of enlistment that, to some extent, it automatically attracts those who can best be spared. Other things being equal, the unemployed obviously has, from the very fact that he is unemployed, additional motives to enter the Army. If he is poor, he gets maintenance, a small wage, and allowances for his family. If he is of the idle rich, he does not lose the income which the industrious rich draw from the profits of their work of superintending or directing industry or capital. The advocates of conscription say, truly enough, that the automatic sorting accomplished by our present system often acts unfairly. They point to patriotic married men serving in the ranks while suitable bachelors shirk. They do not, however, sufficiently notice that even in such cases economic motives play a considerable part. Quite properly, we offer to husbands and fathers additional allowances. Of two working-men earning the same wages, it will often be found that the bachelor will suffer pecuniarily by enlistment, while the Benedict will, perhaps, not suffer at all; and, at any rate, his pecuniary loss will be less. Few of us are as patriotic as might be wished; but bachelors are, on an average, about as patriotic as other people. How far it is desirable to bring pressure to bear in order to force them to enlist is difficult to determine; but such pressure, whether exercised by employers, "best girls," or other people, differs fundamentally from the compulsion of conscription. A girl has a perfect right to urge her lover to enlist. An employer has a right to refuse to engage a man suitable for the Army. In each case it is possible that the right may be unreasonably exercised; but the pressure, whether amatory or economic, ought not to be

confused with compulsion. Hitherto we have spoken vaguely of workers, as distinguished from idlers. We may next attempt some classification of the workers. The instance I selected was of men employed in the production of articles like gramophones, which are certainly not necessary, and, perhaps, not desirable, but which, nevertheless, by being exported add to our material wealth and swell our imports of necessary and useful things, including munitions.

Turning to industries not concerned with the manufacture of exports, we may distinguish between those producing necessities and utilities, such as food, clothing, fuel, &c., and those which simply minister to self-indulgence, whether by the production of luxuries or the rendering of personal service. Of the two latter classes we can safely say that they are not doing anything to help us to victory. I. the workers in these departments are fit to fight or to make munitions or to produce food or other necessities, the sooner they can be transferred the better. But here, too, there is going on a sort of automatic adaptation. The war is impoverishing the nation and thus diminishing the demand for luxuries and for parasitic work. We may hope, too, that it is doing something to make us less set on self-indulgence and more ready for self-denial. Economy is forced on some by diminished incomes. It should be voluntarily adopted by others, so as to husband the national wealth, to meet the claims of charity, and to provide for the national loans.

Those who have been ministering to luxury will, no doubt, suffer as the demand for their ministry falls off. We must pity them and help when we can to mitigate their sufferings and facilitate their migration, wherever possible, to more useful work, leaving those for whom such a change is impossible to supply the diminished demand for such services as they can render.

Similar considerations apply to the intermediate trades—the forms of labor which provide reasonable comforts and amusements that cannot be described as necessities or luxuries. No hard-and-fast line can be drawn, were it only because what to one man is a luxury is to another only reasonable comfort. Nevertheless, the fact remains that we must have fewer domestic servants and less theatre-going; and that we must cut down our bills with tailors, dressmakers, wine merchants, confectioners, florists, upholsterers, and other deserving workers, in spite of the hardships this will inflict. Economy has become a necessity for some, and a duty for all.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. SYMES.

SERVICE FOR ALL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Are you not tilting at a bogey when your energies might be better employed in other directions? Even if Lord Northcliffe—for whom I hold no brief—were all that you fancy him to be, that is surely no reason for declining to judge on its own merits a problem on which he has taken one side and you another. The word "Conscription" is to-day a red-herring across the path, no matter whether it is used by Pacifists or by Jingoists, by Trade Union men or by Tory reactionaries. The true question before the nation is National Service in the fullest sense of the word, the mobilization of every man and woman between the ages of 16 and 65 in the service of their common country. Whether this or that individual is to serve in the trenches or in the factories, in an omnibus or in a Government office, as a railway clerk or as a wardmaid in a Balkan hospital, is a subsidiary matter. The one essential is that no one of either sex or of whatever age shall be free to say *during* the war that the country does not ask for his or her services, or *after* the war that he or she did no work for the war. The vast mass of the country is clamoring to be led, and eager to accept every possible sacrifice. It is for our leaders to decide our work, and for us to do it; but it is for every man and woman (how much more, then, for every one who values the title of "democrat") to insist that there shall be no exceptions. In order to save the fetish of freedom—a freedom which is the direct antithesis of the service which "is perfect freedom"—you are unwittingly sheltering the slacker from the work which would save him.

I value the judgment and public spirit of THE NATION far too highly to believe that you will adhere indefinitely to a policy which can only lead into a *cul-de-sac*.—Yours, &c.,

R. W. SETON-WATSON.

Artillery Mansions Hotel, Victoria Street.
September 14th, 1915.

[We have pleaded "service for all" in season and out of season; it is only the attempt to insist on two special forms of forced service that we oppose, because we believe that the result will be the exact opposite of what its promoters desire.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE LARGE CABINET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The large Cabinet is, doubtless, a necessary evil under our present Constitution. There is, however, a very simple remedy, viz., Home Rule all round. The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Secretary for Scotland, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland would drop out of the Imperial Executive, and join, respectively, the English, Scottish, and Irish Executives.

Furthermore, the Home Office, the Local Government Board, the Board of Agriculture, the Board of Education, and the Office of Works would all cease to be controlled by the Imperial Parliament, and each National Parliament would have a Minister responsible to it for education, &c. (If desired, Wales would have a separate Parliament and Executive from those of England).

The Imperial Cabinet—the term is not strictly accurate, but, pending the inauguration of a really Imperial Parliament and Executive, will serve—would then consist of the following Ministers:—The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor—whose presence, by-the-bye, is not really desirable in the Cabinet, as tending to obscure the essential separation between the Judiciary and the Executive—the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, the Colonial Secretary, the Secretary for India, the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General.

This would make the Imperial Cabinet of the quite workable number of thirteen, which might be reduced further by the offices of Lord President and Lord Privy Seal being held in conjunction with other ones, and by the Attorney-General, in view of the comparative infrequency with which an Imperial Cabinet would be concerned with legal questions, a consultative instead of a permanent member.

The National Executives would be able to make a very desirable change by grouping under a Minister of Labor the labor questions now dealt with by the Board of Trade, the Home Office, and the Local Government Board.—Yours, &c.,
HOME RULER.

September 13th, 1915.

P.S.—If the Lord Chancellor disappeared from the Cabinet, retaining his duties as a Judge and as Speaker of the House of Lords, his place would be taken by a Minister of Justice, who would take over the quasi-judicial appointments now in the hands of the Home Secretary.

WHY THE WORKMAN ENLISTS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—We are all in accord with Mr. Masterman's convincing and moving exposition of the reasons "Why the Workman Enlists." "Recruiters" ought not to insult the intelligence of the workman by playing down to its (supposed) level. But surely, while abandoning the incitement to arms based on a possible repetition of the atrocities of Senlis and Louvain on the soil of England, which, as Mr. Masterman says, is nonsense, he might enlarge upon the consequences to British home life that would be the result of a defeat of British arms on the Continent. No British workman, in view of the bitter taxation that indemnities and the cost of an unsuccessful war would bring forth, could hope to bring

up and properly nourish any but the stronger and sturdier of his children. It would be starvation—with honor. I know, for my own father always attributed his poor stature and short sight to the fact that through the Napoleonic Wars he went very short of milk and bone-forming products. And Napoleon did not even get here! If such things are done in the green ear, &c.—Yours, &c.,

VIOLET HUNT.

South Lodge, Campden Hill, W.,
September 11th, 1915.

WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY WAR WORK.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reference to a recent letter in your columns, showing the urgent necessity for women to combine together to form trade unions at this time, surely there is an even greater danger to women's labor in the large influx of unpaid workers, than in the lack of unions, indispensable as these may be.

The attempts made to cope with unemployment among the well-to-do women have outrun their proper limits. Now that there is little demand for woollen comforts at the front, these ladies have had to turn elsewhere. Large workrooms have now been set up, in which thousands of ladies every day work on hospital supplies.

This voluntary work is not only confined to hospital supplies, but now large numbers of sandbags are being made unofficially and despatched privately to France. From sandbags these ladies will turn to making uniforms, and then it will never stop.

Voluntary work by ladies may be extremely advisable when a large number of articles, such as respirators, are wanted in the shortest possible time. Rapidity of output is then the first consideration. However, when voluntary labor is employed on hospital, and even military, supplies, it is bound economically to exercise an adverse effect on women's wages.

Now, it has been stated that there is no unemployment among women, and the Queen's work for women organization is gradually restricting its activities. This does not affect the argument in the slightest, for two reasons. First, there has been very serious unemployment among women during the last year, and there will be still more if so much work is done by voluntary help. Also, towards the end of the war, when our army clothing factories will not be working at maximum pressure, large numbers of women will be thrown out of work.

Secondly, this large influx of unpaid work, although it may not now actually throw women out of employment, tends to depress wages. When labor is scarce increase of wages is the only means by which supply can be made equal to the demand. Consequently, these extremely patriotically-minded and well-meaning ladies are effectually preventing their poorer sisters from obtaining an increase in their extremely low wages.

The industry and devotedness of these ladies is admirable, but their energies should be directed into other channels.—Yours, &c.,

RONALD H. GLOVER.

The Aldermoor, Dorking.

THE POWER OF THE NORTHCLIFFE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is there a mystery underlying the free hand given by the Censor to the Northcliffe Press? Or is it due to obtuseness, a failure to see treachery unless it be self-proclaimed from the house-tops—and when was treachery ever so proclaimed? Its double-faced methods are as old as Time.

Without harking back to the effort to stampede Lord Kitchener out of the confidence of the nation, or to the way the recruiting question has been dealt with by this group of newspapers—i.e., one word in favor of conscription *per se*, and two to discourage recruiting as we now have it—

one has only to catch a glimpse of the cloven hoof to find it sticking out everywhere.

I have just returned from Italy and France, where, Paris publications being a day newer than London ones, the Continental edition of the "Daily Mail" flourishes like a green bay tree. Having to peruse it, one wondered why the British public should be regaled daily with two columns of "Talks with Germans," articles cleverly setting forth through the medium of German opinion ideas that pretend to make for the mending of our political and national failings, but that rather work to create distrust of ourselves, our ideals, institutions, and national character—those bulwarks which must sustain us as a united people if we are to win out. Then one is struck by the constantly recurring German pictures on the front page—the latest picture of Herr Dernburg, or of a smiling German general, or of the Crown Prince and his staff. Who wants to see them? Who wants this familiar and intimate touch with a foe animated by no other desire than our destruction by the foulest means? The policy of this halfpenny sheet opens up some strange vistas of possible disaster to our cause within the scope of a combination of four newspapers controlled by one man.

In the United States they are fully alive to the danger of Trusts far less menacing than this combine, and are fighting them; but we are letting the poison permeate everywhere, not without some wordy protest, it is true, but "nothing doing" for fear of interfering with our liberties! Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; and a man's worst enemies are those of his own household; these are proverbs neither outworn nor disproved by the war.—Yours, &c.,

ANGLICIZED AMERICAN.

Poetry.

THE WHITE MONSTER.

LAST night I saw the monster near; the big
White monster that was like a lazy slug,
That hovered in the air, not far away,
As quiet as the black hawk seen by day.
I saw it turn its body round about,
And look my way; I saw its big, fat snout
Turn straight towards my face, till I was one
In coldness with that statue made of stone,
The one-armed sailor seen upon my right—
With no more power than he to offer fight;
The great white monster slug that, even then,
Killed women, children, and defenceless men.
But soon its venom was discharged, and it,
Knowing it had no more the power to spit
Death on the most defenceless English folk,
Let out a large, thick cloud of its own smoke;
And when the smoke had cleared away from there,
I saw no sign of any monster near;
And nothing but the stars to give alarm—
That never did the earth a moment's harm.
Oh, it was strange to see a thing like jelly,
An ugly, boneless thing all back and belly,
Among the peaceful stars—that should have been
A mile deep in the sea, and never seen:
A big, fat, lazy slug that, even then,
Killed women, children, and defenceless men.

W. H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Caliphate: Its Rise, Decline, and Fall." By Sir William Muir. Revised by T. H. Weir. (John Grant. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Thirteen Days (July 23rd-August 4th, 1914)." By William Archer. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Ireland—Vital Hour." By Arthur Lynch, M.P. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution, and the Catholic Reformation." By E. M. Hulme. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. net.)
- "Denmark and the Danes." By W. J. Harvey and C. Reppien. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Soldiers' Stories of the War." Edited by Walter Wood. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)
- "Diversions of a Naturalist." By Sir Ray Lankester. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Battle." By W. W. Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- "Guy and Pauline." By Compton Mackenzie. (Secker. 6s.)
- "Secret History." By P. G. Wodehouse. (Methuen. 6s.)

* * *

MR. GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, whose knowledge of the persons and things ecclesiastic of the last century is a thing to wonder at, has just published, through Messrs. Mowbray, "A Short History of the Evangelical Movement." It has often occurred to me that the Evangelicals have a grievance against the world of books. In their flourishing days they frowned on the theatre and looked askance at novels. The result was that their treatment in literature has generally been by way of caricature. Indeed, it was quite common in a type of novel which once had a great vogue to find a solemn, half-hypocritical Evangelical clergyman introduced as the foil to a pale and interesting High Church curate, or an advocate of muscular Christianity whose theology came through Charles Kingsley from F. D. Maurice. Not a little of this bias against the Evangelicals is due to the defects of their chroniclers. Contrast the accounts of John Wesley with the rich literature devoted to Cardinal Newman. Mr. Russell would, I have no doubt, be one of the first to admit that his book cannot be compared with Dean Church's "The Oxford Movement." Perhaps the best chapters that have yet been written on the early Evangelicals are Sir James Stephen's attractive "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography"—a book that is far less read than it deserves. "Putting aside Macaulay's 'Essays,'" wrote Sir Leslie Stephen, "which possess merits of a different order, I do not think that any of the collected essays republished from the 'Edinburgh Review' indicate a natural gift for style equal to my father's."

* * *

Nor the least of Mr. Russell's merits is the respect, almost bordering on reverence, with which he writes of Mrs. Hannah More. For that famous lady, one of the

"Salt of the Earth, the virtuous few
Who season humankind,"

has her detractors. Mr. Birrell has publicly confessed that he buried her complete works (nineteen volumes, bound in full calf, and purchased for eight shillings and sixpence) in a garden, and left them there to moulder, "with nothing between them and the Pole but leagues upon leagues of a wind-swept ocean." This was to treat harshly a lady who, without any great aid from birth or beauty, won the friendship of Garrick and the admiration of William Wilberforce, exchanged witticisms with Johnson and letters with Horace Walpole, guided Macaulay's early studies, presented William Ewart Gladstone (aged six) with a copy of her "Sacred Dramas" in the year of Waterloo, and who, to crown all, was, Mr. Russell assures us, "from first to last a loyal Churchwoman." Listen to her own defence against a charge of "irregularity" in this latter respect:—

"Had I been irregular, should I not have gone sometimes, during my winter residence at Bath, to Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, a place of great occasional resort? Should I never have gone to some of Whitefield's or Wesley's Tabernacles in London, where I have spent a long spring for near thirty years consecutively? Should I not have strayed now and then into some Methodist meeting in the country? Yet not one of these things have I ever done!"

"IRREGULAR" is, indeed, a word that can only be applied to Hannah More in so far as she was a bewildering success. Neither Miss Marie Corelli nor Mrs. Florence Barclay, in all their glory, come near to rivalling her as a popular authoress. In her youth she wrote a play, "Percy," which packed Covent Garden, and was the talk of the town. Men "thought it a kind of a profanation" to wipe away the tears it brought, and the Duke of Northumberland sent a bishop to thank Miss More for the honor she had done his name. In her old age she wrote tracts and other improving works, which were no less successful. They were read from Moscow to Washington, and a German missionary found a collection of them in the library of the Rajah of Tanjore. Wilberforce declared that he would rather present himself in heaven with a copy of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" in his hand than with "Peveril of the Peak." Mrs. Thrale thought "Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess" far more attractive than Roscoe's "Leo X.," while "Charles, the Footman," was widely regarded as inferior only to the Bible. Prelates wrote Latin verses in honor of the author of these works, and she was hailed as "one of the most truly evangelical writers of any age not apostolical," and "one of the most illustrious females that ever was in the world."

* * *

HANNAH MORE's vogue as a novelist was no less remarkable. "Cælebs in Search of a Wife"—which Mr. Russell describes as "a really witty satire on the foibles of irreligious society," and Mr. Birrell as "an impossible book, as odious as it is absurd"—had a huge sale in this country, and ran through thirty editions in America within the author's lifetime. Pious mothers put it into their daughters' hands and earnestly recommended it to their sons. Sydney Smith wrote a notice of it in the "Edinburgh Review," and, while admitting that some scenes were well painted, he thought the plot bore every mark of haste and did not possess the slightest claim to merit. "Events there are none; scarcely a character of interest." Richard Cumberland carried depreciation further. He described the work as "a decoction of hell-broth," and warned his readers that "deepest mischief lurked in every page." It must be confessed that some of Miss More's recommendations to virtue have a questionable form. Thus, in blaming the scantiness of the then fashionable style of dress, she writes:—

"Oh! if women in general knew what was their real interest, if they could guess with what a charm even the appearance of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice; the coquet would adopt it as an allurements; the pure as her appropriate attraction; and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction."

"If there is any truth in this passage," is Sydney Smith's comment, "nudity becomes a virtue; and no decent woman, for the future, can be seen in garments."

* * *

If Hannah More's other writings are deservedly neglected, she still stands as a letter writer. Her correspondence, which was published in four volumes in 1838, deserves to be read after that of Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale for the account it gives of the doings of Johnson's circle and of the intellectual world of the time. The literary criticisms with which her letters are sprinkled are often peculiar. Gibbon, as one would expect, comes in for severe strictures. At first his "History" is dismissed as a "fine but insidious narrative of a dull period." Her hostility grows with time, and she is repelled by the style as well as the principles of "that offensive and objectionable book. The instances of false English are many and of false taste endless." "Luckily," she adds, "I cannot read Greek, but those who do assure me that many of the notes are grossly indecent." Her notions of what was becoming in a literary work can be judged from one of her encounters with Boswell. She begged him, in his coming biography of Johnson, to "mitigate some of the asperities of our virtuous and most revered departed friend." Boswell replied with spirit that he "would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody."

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

ECONOMICS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"The Economic History of England." By E. LIPSON. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

ON the writing of history, which is the imaginative interpretation of the past by the present, the interests of the present set a stamp as decisive as the character of the past. Histories are a comment as much on the age which writes them as on the age about which they are written. This is true not only of the guilelessly *tendenziös* authors, of some of whom we have heard so much lately, but of those who have a just reputation for detachment, of Thucydides as well as Tacitus, of Ranke and Sorel as well as of Treitschke and Ollivier. For the past owes an account to posterity, which posterity will never allow to be closed; and each generation must write its own history, as it writes its own poetry, from the fulness of its own heart. Even Siéyès, who thought history as edifying a study for mankind as the "Newgate Calendar" for an infant school, could not refrain from writing it, as it seemed to the men of 1789, in the very work in which his famous condemnation was uttered. How dependent historical interpretations are on contemporary moods must have struck everyone during the past year, in which the swift repudiation of cherished professorial idols has had an effect not free from comedy, as of an elephantine dancing to new pipes by staid and middle-aged neophytes. But even if one neglects the growth of quasi-historical writing already occasioned by the war, it is easy to see that it is laying the foundation of a reinterpretation in which many accepted values will be transformed. English eyes—to give one example—have gazed too often at maps of the Argonne, and English blood has been shed too near Maubeuge and Wattignies for English historians to write on the French Revolution as many till recently did. What the war has done at a blow for European history, social movements were doing for the domestic history of different countries in the thirty years which preceded it. The appearance of the new interest began, perhaps, after 1848, when the dispossessed suddenly appeared on the stage for the second time. Henceforward historians of all colors were increasingly occupied with the social background from which that strange and terrible beast had emerged. The result has been a gradual rewriting of history with special reference to law and economic conditions. If Russian, French and German scholars have, for fairly obvious reasons, worked more generally than English in this field, the best English work—for example, that of Maitland—has been unsurpassed, and there has been much of a humbler kind that is of permanent value. Mr. Lipson's book will be of permanent value, and we are grateful to him for it.

In plan it is ambitious, for it is an attempt to write an economic history of England in three volumes. The first volume, on the Middle Ages, which is all that has yet appeared, gives four chapters to agrarian conditions, four to towns, guilds, and markets, and the remaining three to the woollen industry, foreign trade, and taxation. The book has several merits. Mr. Lipson has read widely in the printed sources, and future workers, daunted by the towering mass of material, will thank him for his references and bibliography. He has assimilated the theories of previous students, and, in deciding on controversial points, he usually shows a sound judgment, following Vinogradoff as against Seebohm on the manor, Savine as against Leadam on copyhold tenure, and justly eschewing Brentano's mythical origin of the craft guilds—mythical so far as England is concerned—in a struggle between rich merchants and oppressed artisans. Where he theorizes independently, as in his account of the effect of the Great Plague, the causes of the Peasants' Revolt, and the nature of the disputes between guilds of weavers and the municipal authorities, he shows a trenchant commonsense and freshness of vision which make one wish that he had been less modest in putting forward his own generalizations. If the following two volumes are on the same level, Mr. Lipson may congratulate himself on having written a valuable book.

He will, we are sure, forgive us, if we add that it has certain faults. We do so with the less compunction because

they are not peculiar to Mr. Lipson, but characteristic of most writers of economic history. They are quite obvious, but they are important, and until they are removed the public which is interested in history will never find its mind instructed, as it should be, by writers who, like Mr. Lipson, are more concerned with forms of social organization than with political arrangements. The first consists in a slavery to detail and a neglect of the larger features from which that detail derives its significance. This is a vice to which economic historians are particularly prone, and Mr. Lipson has not escaped it. It is good to have made an exhaustive study of authorities. But, after all, they are only a means to an end. The object of an historian should not be to show how much he has read, but to make possible a sympathetic understanding of the past. Detail is valuable only as aiding the achievement of a synoptic survey; it is a ladder which is climbed in the interests of truth, but which in the interests of truth must be kicked away. Now my quarrel with most economic historians—the lawyers are less open to the charge—is that they bury historical truth under a cairn of facts, and that when they have labored patiently to create an *Aussichtsturm* they sit inside it instead of standing by the *Orientierungstafel* on the top. There are two main types of information which we have a right to demand from an economic history of medieval England. In the first place we want to know the nature of the conceptions of economic and social expediency which guided men's actions. In the second place we want to know the nature of the organization which those ideas, combined with their material environment, produced. On the first point, Professor Ashley has told us something in his chapter of medieval theories of usury, Dr. Cunningham a little, Mr. Lipson hardly anything, though his valuable *obiter dicta* show that he is not indifferent to the importance and interest of the subject. Yet it is quite impossible to understand the most characteristic features of medieval social policy without grasping the extent to which it was penetrated by the idea that economic transactions were merely one branch of conduct and to be judged by moral standards, just as it is impossible to understand the economic life of nineteenth-century England without grasping the influence exercised by the conception of freedom of exchange as its proper arbiter. The truth is that medieval economic life differed from modern not only in the means which it used, but in the ends which it desired. Much of what we regard as perfectly natural, it considered and treated as damnable; and craft guilds, market regulations, the attitude towards capitalism, the arrangements of the open-field village are unintelligible unless examined in the light of the overruling ideas of the age in which they flourished. Nor, again, will it do to write the history even of economic institutions without a wider synopsis than economic historians usually permit themselves. Mr. Lipson has a chapter on foreign trade in which he tells us much that is important both about its organization and about the policy of medieval governments. But we think it is not unfair to say that he, like most other historians, tells us very little about the even more important matter of the trade-geography, the main commercial routes, of the Middle Ages. Yet such information is not inaccessible, and, unless it is presented, how in the world is anyone to understand the main economic features of the world of which England was one, and a not very important, part? A chapter on medieval geography would double the value of what he has written. And somewhat the same kind of criticism appears to apply to what he has written on guilds. All that he says is sensible and interesting. But it would be doubly interesting if he had worked the vein of comparison with Continental developments, which Stubbs, for example, exploited so successfully in his "Constitutional History." One may describe English guilds from the records of London, Nottingham, and Leicester. To understand them one must appeal to Italy, Flanders, and France.

Our second main criticism, again a criticism less on Mr. Lipson than on economic history as it is at present written in England, is that it often suffers from its abstraction from other sides of national development. Economic historians have sometimes complained that writers of political history either omit all reference to economic conditions or cram it into a few superficial and summary paragraphs. The criticism is often deserved, but economic historians appear to

us to make a converse and equally serious error. They, too, frequently treat their subject as a compartment in which they can work without troubling themselves about other features of national life. Now this would be an error, whatever the period treated. The economic development of the past two centuries, whether in England, France, or Germany, cannot possibly be made intelligible if it is divorced from the political conditions of these countries. In dealing with the Middle Ages such a method of working is doubly misleading, because in the Middle Ages economic activity was differentiated from other functions to a much smaller degree than it has become in modern times. It is not necessary to understand company law in order to describe the working of a modern industry. But we defy any one to make the manor intelligible unless he goes fairly into the feudal framework of which it was a part. And how is one to understand the medieval system of finance without some grasp of the relations between Crown and Parliament? How, above all, is one to understand anything at all about the social life of pre-Reformation England without an appreciation of the position and functions of the medieval Church? This is a plea not for confusion but for synthesis. What human nature joined, historians put asunder at their peril. The truth is that economic history will come to its own, not by becoming one specialism among others, but by gradually penetrating the world of scholarship with a juster appreciation of neglected factors in national development.

ANTI-TOLSTOY.

"War and Christianity." By VLADIMIR SOLOVYEV. With an Introduction by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Constable. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a very inferior translation of "Three Conversations" published by Solovyev in Russia in the year 1900. The first English version of them was issued, earlier this year, by the University of London Press, under their correct title: "War, Progress, and the End of History: Three Discussions."

The volume before us omits Solovyev's interesting preface, alters his title, and obliterates his descriptive headings to the different parts of the book, thereby rendering it difficult for the reader to find the particular portion he may want to refer to. In so polemical a work, and one which, if read at all, is likely to be referred to again and again, this latter is a serious defect.

The chief characteristic of Solovyev's style, in Russian, is his incisive lucidity; and, though much of this is lost in the present translation, it is still possible for a careful reader to grasp the main points of the argument, and to realize how important the matter dealt with really is.

The work itself is, indeed, very well worth reading. It first appeared at the time when Tolstoy's indictment of war and militarism was having such influence that cases not infrequently occurred of men—for conscience' sake—refusing conscription, and of officers feeling ashamed of their profession and abandoning the army. It began to look as though no moral defence could be produced of the premeditated, systematic, and long-continued slaughter of man by man, called War.

Solovyev, a typical Slav, as ardent, whole-hearted, and unflinching in argument as Tolstoy himself, was revolted to the depths of his soul by the lengths to which this teaching was pushed; and his indignation found vent in these interesting Conversations, of which the one on War is the first and the best.

The chief speaker in it is a general who has commanded a detachment which, in the Russo-Turkish War, had come upon the fresh tracks of a band of some four thousand Bashi-Bazouks. These brutes had seized a caravan of Armenian refugees, and, having tied their victims—men, women, and children—to the high axles of their own waggons, had lighted fires under them and roasted them alive. The scene was heartrending! Dead women lay here and there, some with breasts cut off and others with abdomens ripped open, and one poor woman lay on the ground, her head and shoulders securely bound to the cart's axle, so that she could not move her head. She was neither

burnt nor wounded. On her distorted face was stamped ghastly terror. She had died of sheer horror! Before her dead, staring eyes was a high pole, firmly fixed in the ground, and to it was tied the poor little naked body of her baby—a black, scorched little corpse, with protruding eyes.

The General had overtaken the Bashi-Bazouks, and, risking his own small detachment, had succeeded in utterly routing the marauders.

It was, he said, the one time in his whole life when he felt most certain that he was guided solely by an overwhelming impulse of devotion to duty, and to the service of God and man; and the action which gave him supreme moral satisfaction was the blowing to pieces with grape-shot, within a quarter of an hour, of over a thousand men.

In the polemic, Tolstoy figures as the "Prince" at whose expense Solovyev makes a series of very palpable hits. Tolstoy believed that war can and should be abolished, and that its continuance is a disgrace to civilized humanity. Solovyev, who always attached great importance to the Apocalypse, was firmly convinced that war, and war on a gigantic scale, would continue until the coming and the overthrow of Antichrist. On this broad issue we may still agree with Tolstoy, though in the ardor of his denunciation of violence he committed himself to certain unqualified statements plainly irreconcilable with the facts of human experience; and, by joining issues on these particular points, Solovyev scores clearly and undeniably.

For instance, Tolstoy denounced all use of physical force between man and man as wrong in itself, and as indicative of a desire to do evil. Starting from the words, "Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also," he proceeded, with apparent logical exactitude, which would be convincing were the subject as simple as it really is complex, to repudiate as sinful all use of Army or Navy or Police, or civil and criminal law.

Not content with building up a logical thesis based upon "the very words of Christ Himself," Tolstoy so vehemently denounced those who opposed him, and made such impassioned appeals to the tribunal of "Reason and Conscience," and presented such plausible grounds for supposing that moral suasion can successfully be used to replace physical force, that such men as the General found themselves obliged to ask: "Am I, then, to regard myself as an honorable man or a human monster?" Now Solovyev (who figures in these Conversations as Mr. Z.) did not wish to see European civilization fall to pieces and be replaced by Pan-Mongolism (a danger he greatly dreaded), and he felt impelled to expose the fallacies of the Non-Resistant position. This he did in the following fashion.

He inquires, "Can Reason and Conscience count up to three?" For, if so, they are bound to see that in real life it often happens that the question is not whether one is willing to return good for evil, but whether one is willing to remain passive while a helpless third party is exposed to the cruelty of the oppressors—the Armenians, for instance, to the Bashi-Bazouks.

To Tolstoy's appeal to follow the dictates of conscience, the General replied that that is what he wishes to do, but that he would be false to his perceptions of goodness were he, under certain circumstances, to fail to risk his life in strenuously opposing evil-doers. He admits the appeal to conscience, but challenges Tolstoy's right to beg the question whether physical force can be used in the service of God.

In reply to the plea that the evil-doer should be turned from his evil ways by moral suasion, Mr. Z. inquires why, in that case, Christ did not convert the impenitent thief on the cross and the high priest as well. Is it, perhaps, that such conversions of the evil-doers need a virtue superior to that of Christ Himself? And is it claimed that such superior virtue is at the disposal of Tolstoy and his disciples?

Finally, Mr. Z. wants to know what business Tolstoy had to speak for Christ and for "Christ's Christianity," and whether that claim had not better be left to people who believe in the historic existence of Christ (which Tolstoy, about that time, had said was problematical), and in Christ's Resurrection, which Tolstoy ignored, but to which Solovyev attached supreme importance.

The second Conversation, in which the Politician argues for European *Kultur*, including the benefits of the German penetration of Turkey, and the Bagdad railway; and also the third Conversation, in which Mr. Z. sets forth his own views, and gives us a sketch of the coming of Antichrist (one of whose forerunners he makes Tolstoy appear to be) are interesting enough, and contain some further clever polemics; but the reader must read these for himself, and should do so in Mr. Bakshy's translation, issued by the University of London Press.

In the third Conversation Solovyev quotes from one of the versions extant of the rollicking soldiers' song sung at the Siege of Sevastopol, and generally attributed to Tolstoy. It happens that Messrs. Constable had previously published that same song in their edition of "Sevastopol." In the present volume of "War and Christianity" it is given in this shape:—

The Devil carried off a quarter of us
As we were taking the heights.

The princes and the counts came,
The surveyors made their maps
On great sheets of foolscap.
It all looked smooth on paper,
But they forgot the precipices,
And how to get across them.

At the heights of Thediuchin
But two companies of us arrived,
The regiments disappeared.

The corresponding lines of the "Sevastopol" version, preserving the metre of the original, run as follows:—

'Twas in August, on the Fourth,
That the devil sent us forth
That there hill to take.

So they all in Council met,
Each bigwig and epaulet.

Then they pondered, racked their brains,
Drew up plans with care and pains
On a large white sheet.

All so smooth without a blot,
But some ravines they clean forgot
Which we had to cross!
Princes, counts, and bigwigs start—
The topographers take part—
'Gainst the great redoubt.

So "Hurrah!" we all did shout—
I don't know how 't came about—
No supports were sent!

In full Regiments started we,
But in all some Com'nies three
Reached Fedukin's heights!

The comparison hardly encourages one to believe that the English public are much better served to-day in the matter of translations from the Russian than they were ten years ago, before Mr. Stephen Graham began his appeals to us to acquaint ourselves with the treasures of Russian literature.

AYLMER MAUDE.

AUSTRIA AND AN HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE.

"The Secret of an Empress." By Countess ZANARDI LANDI. (Cassell. 16s. net.)

THE Countess Zanardi Landi herself was the Empress's secret. She tells us that she is the youngest child of the late Empress Elisabeth of Austria and the Emperor Franz Josef. The Emperor has never acknowledged her, and in consequence she has not held the position of an Austrian Archduchess. Her narrative is a perfectly simple and straightforward one, and, of course, no mere reviewer has authority to question it.

The Countess informs us further that the year before last she was making arrangements for an Italian version of her story, when,

"in February, 1913, only a few days before the printers had completed their work, the Italian Government stepped in and confiscated the plates, proofs, and all."

A French edition that was to have appeared in Paris was suppressed at about the same time. German publication

"was impossible, except through the medium of some Swiss publisher, when exportation of the work across the frontier could be stopped."

The Countess therefore decided to make her appeal in our own language.

Yet there is nothing scandalous in these pages. Concerning most of the persons referred to in them, things far less discreet have been given to the public here and in Germany and in Austria itself; and the venerable and distressful Franz Josef, if he has been permitted to read them, can have lost little rest at night on account of the lady who claims him for father. If, indeed, she is positive about her parentage, the Countess Landi might have said harsher things of the Emperor who has steadily refused to recognize her.

For her secret upbringing by the Empress Elisabeth she adduces reasons plausible enough. The etiquette of the Austrian Court is as rigid and harsh as that of Spain in the sixteenth century. The power of the Emperor over the Imperial family is absolute; the Empress herself must use a certain ceremony in order to approach him. The rest of the Court is below the Empress, "and not one of her relatives even may see her without obtaining leave some time beforehand, through the Grand Mistress or her deputy." This rule applies, we are assured, to the intercourse of mother and child, which thus becomes a tragically artificial affair:—

"The Empress of Austria is constantly on a pedestal above the rest of the world, and her children are drilled to look upon her in that way. If she should wish to be present at their lessons, there is no such thing for her as going straight to the schoolroom. Her visit must be announced twenty-four hours in advance, teachers and pupils are dressed for the occasion, questions and answers are prepared, and at the end of the visit her Imperial Majesty graciously expresses her satisfaction to the teacher."

The Empress Elisabeth, whose character, if of no very marked originality, was well above the commonplace, seems always to have detested the foolish, and even cruel, restrictions of the Court; and after the birth of her fourth child

"she resolved that for once she would have her own way, and that at any rate one of her family should be as she had wished them all to be."

And this, says the Countess Landi, "is why I was brought up as I was, away from the Court."

There is surely nothing incredible in this; but it does not enlighten us as to the reasons of the Emperor for declining to recognize the fifth-born child. The Countess Landi will not believe "that it is the Emperor himself who refuses." It is, she thinks, the Court of Vienna which regards her as "dangerous," because of the liberal education she was fortunate enough to receive from her mother. But, this being the case, we can hardly say of the Emperor that he is omnipotent in his family.

The portrait which, from page to page, the Countess Landi draws of the Empress (and we find it impossible not to believe that this is an affectionate daughter painting for us the mother whom she loved) is very sympathetic, and entirely pleasing; and readers familiar with certain other pictures of this beautiful and interesting lady will perhaps welcome the assurance that she was neither a gloomy egoist nor the creature of her costumiers and hairdressers. She rather disliked Vienna; so, because she was a splendid woman on a horse, the Viennese called her the Circus Rider. The Hungarians, of whom she was always fond, described her prowess in the saddle in very different terms.

The Countess Landi gives us, of course, her version of the ever-mysterious death of the Crown Prince Rudolf. It is a new and may very possibly be the true one; but if there were foul play that night in the château of Mayerling the details of what happened may lie for all time obscure, or at least exceedingly uncertain. That there was not alone foul play but something darker was—as we are asked to believe—the fixed idea of the Empress Elisabeth, who is declared to have said that her son was murdered. In the Countess Landi's narrative a gamekeeper figures among the persons who invaded the Prince's rooms. The gamekeeper pervades in a rather curious way several histories or legends of the

Macmillan's Educational List.

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Reggie, who behaves more like an indulgent and anxious dotard than a minister of healing, marries Fay, in spite of the opposition of his sister Annabel, a semi-farcical Victorian spinster, who tells a wonderful story of how once, when her footman was ill, she actually, on a round of calls, rang the bells herself! The enchanting Fay is not, however, averse to worldly advantages:—

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Mr. Benson's book, though as bankrupt of ideas, is a much better story, told with his usual power of mild caricature and mild sincerity. Dorothy Jackson, a young lady with a characteristic heart of gold, is the blossom of the community of Oakleyites, who live in a seaside town, secluded from trippers and tourists. Thither comes Wilfrid Easton, a novelist who writes pot-boilers about "fast earls and marchionesses." Easton is creditably frank that he is a "tradesman" whose sole purpose is the making of money. But when he confesses that he does so, not because he must, but because he likes it, and at the same time declares to Dorothy his ambition of writing "a great book," his self-justification and our interest in him go overboard. When he is on the point of an engagement to Dorothy, her sister, Lady Daisy Mayton, a shameless, self-indulgent, twittering egotist, appears. Easton, whose discrimination on the subject of novels is applied, as we should have expected, to the affairs of life, promptly falls in love with her. But we hoped better of Dorothy, who tries to redeem her futile adoration of Daisy by prodigies of as futile self-sacrifice. Daisy finally marries a lord, and Dorothy, whose indignation encourages a latent consumption, dies to somewhat of an excess of slow music. And the spineless Easton, for all that Mr. Benson can do for him, is left as spineless as ever. The best part of the book are the touches of semi-caricature on the cultured inhabitants of Oakley.

In "Pretty Maids All in a Row," an unprepossessing title, Mr. McCarthy returns to dramatizing the escapades of François Villon. It is by Mr. McCarthy's treatment of Villon that the lack of ideas we remarked upon is vividly illustrated. The first part of the book is occupied by describing Villon's student days at the University of Paris. The obvious aim of the author is to show us how Villon, in Latin slang, *abit in malam rem*, which is Mr. McCarthy's first surrender to the tyranny of convention. For all we see of Villon are his mischievous pranks—japes and scrapes in which any student or schoolboy of any age might have indulged himself, and any reader have thought daring and romantic. As for the dark, rebellious, subtle poet-thief, who was the true Villon, Mr. McCarthy entirely ignores him. Then, in the concluding portion of the book, we have Villon playing the chivalrous hero in the accepted picturesque manner to his liege-lady, Ambroise, the wife of the Provost of Paris. He saves her at the point of the sword from the machinations and violence of the double-dyed villain Philippe Sermois, and goes out of the book with the band of honor playing and the colors of duty flying. And this is Villon of the "Ballade de la Belle Heaulmière" and of the "Petit Testament." Mr. McCarthy does not make things better by turning him into a professed pagan and epicurean—Villon, again, of the Ballades to the Virgin Mary. And all we get of Villon the poet, who is so significantly blended with the blade, the lover of Margot, and the cut-throat of the taverns, is a rhyme or two to his lady Ambroise. Stevenson knew his Villon better than that.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Indian Memories." By Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S memories are in large part extracted from old letters, and give a fresh and breezy account of life in the Indian Army, with its round of work diversified by sport, especially big game hunting. Its author had the good luck to be one of the first six in the examination for Sandhurst and to be gazetted to the 13th Hussars, who were then in India, without having to undergo the usual two years' training at Sandhurst. He plunged at once into the life of our Army in India, of which he speaks in the highest terms as an exceptionally practical school for training officers. Like most other subalterns, a large share of his attention was given to sport, and he tells us a good deal about polo, pigsticking, and shooting bears and tigers. Of these, pigsticking claims his enthusiasm. It is, he says, a sport that far transcends any other, and some of his stories of the determination of boars to sell their lives dearly, prove, at any rate, that it needs skill and horsemanship. One or two of Sir Robert Baden-Powell's anecdotes have the Kaiser as central figure, but perhaps the most characteristic is one which he tells of Mr. Churchill. After an inter-regimental polo match, when all the speaking was supposed to be over, and a sigh of relief was going round, one of the officers stood up and said that those present would probably like to hear him address them on polo. It was Mr. Churchill, and he proceeded with his address, in spite of shouts of objection. After the applause that followed his peroration, the orator was punished by being placed underneath an overturned sofa, upon which two heavy subalterns seated themselves. But soon he appeared, emerging from the angle between the arm and the sofa, with the remark: "It is no use sitting upon me, for I'm india-rubber." Other subjects that engage Sir Robert Baden-Powell's pen are elephants, Tommy Atkins as a linguist, life in the hills and jungles of India, and amateur theatricals. He writes of all with obvious enjoyment, and his own illustrations—which are excellently reproduced—add a good deal to the interest of the book.

The Week in the City.

THE movements of the American Exchange have this week yielded in interest to the appalling figures of the

national war expenditure set forth by Mr. Asquith. Five millions a day is our total expenditure, against a revenue of, say, £600,000 a day. In other words, we are adding about £4,400,000 every day to the National Debt. The latest French figures show an expenditure of a little more than half our own. Mr. Asquith attributes most of the recent increase to growing loans to our Allies. The figures cannot easily be grasped; but they show clearly the need for a tremendous budget of taxation if we are to continue long on the present scale. Hence there is much legitimate anxiety about next Tuesday, when the long-delayed War Budget will be opened. Until then there is not likely to be much speculative activity in the City apart from insurance against new taxes. The news from the United States is not yet definite as to means for restoring the Exchange. The opinion seems to be that the aim will be to steady it, and prevent a further fall.

THE RECOVERY IN GRAND TRUNKS

During the last few days there has been a distinct rally in Canadian railway bonds and shares, and especially in Grand Trunk issues, which up till quite recently have been more or less neglected. One of the reasons for the improvement has been the news of good crops, for a good harvest will swell the revenues of the railways, increase in exports being accompanied by larger imports. Again, there is a shortage of stock, and this is likely still further to assist in the upward movement. The following table shows the rise since the beginning of August:—

		Price July 31.	Sept. 18.	Rise.
Grand Trunk Ord.	...	82	104	12
Do. 4 % Perp. Deb.	...	66½	71½	4½
Do. 4 % Guar. Deb.	...	53	60	7
Do. 1st Pref.	...	50½	59	8½
Do. 2nd Pref.	...	43½	48	4½
Do. 3rd Pref.	...	20½	25	4½

The outlook for the railway is uncertain, for not only has the war been a disturbing influence, but the guarantees which the company has taken on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific are a great burden, and it is quite possible that any increase in the net revenue this year will be required to meet its obligations in this direction. For 1914 the company paid 3½ per cent. on its 4 per Cent. Guaranteed Stock, but the prospects for this year's payment are not rosy, and the preference dividends may quite possibly be passed.

THE NEW RAND COMBINE.

For many years the directors of the Robinson Deep Gold Mining Company have been negotiating for the absorption of the Booyens area, which for a long time has been neglected, and last Saturday it was announced that an agreement had been arrived at. The scheme, which opens up the Booyens area at an earlier date than would otherwise have been possible, has the effect of considerably increasing the life of the Robinson Deep mine. The Booyens Estate and the South Deeps Companies are comparatively small concerns, in which the controlling interests are held by Rand Mines, Ltd., and the Consolidated Goldfields. The scheme is too complicated to be dealt with fully here. Briefly, a new company is to be registered, with a capital of 500,000 preference shares of 1s. each and £900,000 shares of £1 each, to take over the assets of the Robinson Deep, the Booyens Estate, and the claim holdings of the South Deep. Robinson Deep holders get the 500,000 shilling shares, while the £1 shares go to the various vendors of the Booyens area, with the exception of £218,200 held in reserve. The terms, though not generous, are fairly good for Robinson Deep holders, who will have the option at the end of 1919 of exchanging half the Preference shares for ordinary shares in the new company.

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